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The News

HAROLD J. SNELL
OPTICIAN & JEWELLER
HAS MOVED TWO DOORS EAST

VOL. 10 NO. 36 RED DEER, ALBERTA, SEPTEMBER 30th, 1914 Subscription $1.00 per year



Major-General Allenby
commander of the cavalry branch of General French's force. He has an international reputation as a bold and skilful cavalry leader.

German Forces Have Suffered Enormous Losses

LONDON, Sept. 29.—According to information from the front the Germans suffered enormous losses in the last engagement, says the Bordeaux correspondent of Reuter's Telegram Company. The message continues:

"German prisoners state that some companies of the guards have dwindled to 100 men and are commanded by young officers, as they have lost all their former officers since the beginning of the war."

Maj. Gen. Alderson To Command Canadians

London, Sept. 26.—The Canadian Associated Press is reliably informed that the command of the Canadian overseas contingent has been given to Maj. Gen. Edwin Alfred Harvey Alderson, C.B. Maj. Gen. Alderson, who is in his fifty-fifth year, has had a notable career and is credited with being a most popular officer. He commanded the mounted infantry in South Africa and was several times mentioned in dispatches.

Promenade Concert

The Red Deer Citizens' Band are making arrangements for a grand Promenade Concert, and "Carnival of the Nation," to be given in the armory, proceeds to be devoted entirely to patriotic funds. The Band is desirous of doing something to assist these worthy efforts, and its services can be used to the best advantage in this respect. Full particiulars will be given later. The Band Committee would be glad to make arrangements with some local organization of young ladies for the selling of flowers and home-made candy on this occasion. Apply Band Secretary.

C.P.R. Time Table

(Changed Sept. 27th)

Going South—
Arrives at 3.25 Leaves at 3.35
Arrives at 11.10 Leaves at 11.20
Arrives at 18.10 Leaves at 18.20

Going North—
Arrives at 3.35 Leaves at 3.45
Arrives at 11.40 Leaves at 11.50
Arrives at 19.00 Leaves at 19.10

SUNDAYS.

Going South—
Arrives at 3.25 Leaves at 3.35
Arrives at 11.10 Leaves at 11.20

Going North—
Arrives at 3.35 Leaves at 3.45
Arrives at 19.00 Leaves at 19.10

Alberta Central Subdivision—Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays
Leave Red Deer at 8.00, returning arrive at 19.30.

How educated Germans feel regarding the military madness of their country is well illustrated by the statement of a German professor, now resident in Grand Rapids. This is what he has to say, as it appears in the News of that city:

"I moved to America a short time ago," said he, "because I could no longer bear the insults of the soldiers. I could have made more money by staying in the fatherland, but any common soldier could crowd me off the sidewalk. He could try to flirt with my wife and my objections would be of no avail. I could get no satisfaction from the courts by complaining against a soldier."

Pianos tuned.—J. E. Welton, Phone 86.

"Dreadnought" post cards, photo finish, 5 cents each, at John McVicar's bookstore. School books.

French and British Do Great Execution With Rifle Fire and Bayonet

On One Occasion Forces Only Quarter of Mile Apart—Vigor and Spirit of Soldiers Remarkable After Such an Exhausting Campaign—New German Generals Succeeding Those Removed by Emperor Given as Reason for Desperate Attack Upon Allies.

PARIS, Sept. 28.—French and British on the left wing have repulsed for days the attacks of the Germans who have been edeavoring to take the allied positions by assault.

Word from the front describes the encounters. On one occasion the French and British held positions within a quarter of a mile from the German front where they were in no danger of the German artillery and were sheltered from the machine guns unless they came into the open.

One of the most furious German assaults turned upon the trenches occupied by British regiments which, with admirable coolness, awaited the onslaughts of line after line of Germans, meeting them with sustained rifle fire, and with the bayonet, which did great execution.

The British did not, however, by any means, bear the whole brunt of the fighting, for the French troops, including a division of the famous colonial infantry and the turcos, as well as many battalions of French regulars andothers composed of territorial troops, also faced prolonged attacks, which were delivered with great fierceness and drove their adversaries off with unfailing success.

The vigor and spirit of the soldiers was remarkable after such an exhausting campaign, during which they have scarcely had a full day's rest. When not actually engaged in fighting, many of the regiments have marched thirty miles daily for several days when changing positions, in order to carry out new movements.

The reason for the recent determined attacks by the Germans along the Somme is credited in French military circles to the desire of the newly appointed German Generals, who have taken the places of those removed by the emperor, to carry out some daring exploit.

The battlefield on the Somme seems to have been made by nature for such a formidable conflict. The country is undulating, and in some places without woods. The lower parts offer splendid covering for troops advancing to attack. This advantage, however, has been rendered to a great extent without avail owing to the number of aeroplanes in use on both sides.

The centre of their battle line today became the scene of heavy fighting. Here the Germans have most of their big guns, and they also brought much infantry into action. But their efforts proved ineffectual.

Canadian Troops Sail For England

LEFT LAST THURSDAY

VALCARTIER CAMP, Que., Sept. 24.—The major part of Canada's contingent for service in Europe is already on its way to the front, in transports heavily armed and guarded by British men of war in sufficient force to prevent any attack by German cruisers.

A fleet of war vessels, consisting of battleships, cruisers and destroyers had been gathered at Quebec by Admiral Wemyss, and other warships collected at convenient points. More than a week ago the transports at Quebec commenced taking on war stores, and since then there has been a steady flow in the direction of Quebec from the camp. As the transports were loaded they steamed away and the convoying war vessels picked them up, forming a sufficiently strong protective force for the various groups.

All the transports carry heavy guns. A large proportion of the infantry and all the artillery, with much of the equipment, have already departed. The departure of the remainder will quickly follow.

FIVE HUNDRED PAIRS OF SOCKS FOR SOLDIERS

Ladies Most Enthusiastic

The ladies of the Red Deer Red Cross Society at their meeting Thursday last decided to use the balance of $108, left over from the previous week, for the purchase of socks for the soldiers at the front. Consequently, 504 pairs of good warm socks were sent on the way yesterday.

This speaks well for the City of Red Deer, and shows the ladies must have worked hard.

The Society desires to thank Mrs. Hannah Reed for the cheque left at the home of the treasurer, Mrs. J. Quigg.

LOCAL VOLUNTEER GETS QUICK PROMOTION.

H. V. George, son of Dr. H. George, who volunteered with the 35th C.A.H., has been promoted to Sergeant in the Lord Strathcona Horse, regulars. He resigned his position as Lieutenant in the C.A.H. and joined the regulars as a trooper because there was more certainty of him going to the front as a regular. His promotion inside of two weeks to Sergeant is a feather in his cap.

BELGIAN RELIEF.

The Committee desire to call attention to those preparing parcels that blankets, woollen goods, and all warm clothing and shoes are especially desired. Autos will collect the parcels on Monday, Oct. 5th.

Appeal for Clothes for Belgians

An appeal to the people of the Dominion is being made for clothing for the thousands of Belgian men, women and children who have been rendered homeless and penniless by the action of the Germans. The patriotic committee in Red Deer will call for any parcel you may have on Monday next, if notified, or they may be left in the vacant store in the new Michener block. Any piece of clothing fit to wear, for adults or children, and boots also, will be very acceptable.

Edison phonographs and records. Our stock is complete.—H. H. Chamber, Jeweller and Optician.

HIGHLANDER HELD BRIDGE OVER AISNE AGAINST GERMANS

A Thrilling Story of Exploit of Highlander Who Checked Big Force of Enemy.

London, Sept. 26.—The Daily Mail's Paris dispatch of Thursday gives a thrilling story of the exploit of a Highlander who was one of the party of 150 detailed to hold a bridge over the Aisne.

The German attack was not expected at this point and the detachment was meant to act rather as a guard than as a force to defend the bridge. Suddenly, however, the Germans opened fire from the woods around and a strong force outnumbering the guard came forward on a run toward the bridge.

"The Highlanders opened fire at once and, for a time, held the enemy at bay, but the numbers of the Germans were so great that the attacking force crept constantly nearer, and under cover of a heavy fire a dense column of troops was seen advancing along the road that led to the river.

Then one of the Highlanders jumped up from cover. The maxim belonging to the little force had ceased its fire, for the whole of its crew had been killed, and the gun stood there on its tripod silent amid a ring of bodies. The Highlander ran forward, seized the maxim, swung its tripod and all on his back and carried it at a run across the exposed bridge to the far side, facing the German attack. The belt of the gun was still charged, and there, alone, the soldier sat down in full view of the enemy and opened a hail of bullets on the advancing column. Under the tempest of fire the column wavered, then broke, fleeing for cover to the fields on either side of the road, leaving scores of dead that the maxim had mowed down.

A moment later the Highlander fell dead. He had checked the advance on the bridge and reinforcements came doubling up to line the river bank in such numbers that the Germans soon retired and gave up the attempt to rain the bridge.

The Highlander had thirty bullet wounds in his body when he was picked up.

SIR JAMES WITHREY PASSES AWAY FRIDAY

End Came At Noon and Was Quite Unexpected by Physicians.

Toronto, Sept. 25.—The announcement of the death of Sir James Whitney came as a shock to the ministers and members of parliament today, and spread like wildfire throughout the city. For several days there was thought to be a considerable improvement in the premier's condition. He was visited by his brother, Albert, a couple of days ago, and was thought to be much better than for some time past.

Sir James Whitney, after his great effort at the Massey hall meeting prior to the provincial election, was warned by his doctors as to his health. Death was due to cerebral hemorrhage due to hardening of the arteries. Dr. Hilton and the Hon. Dr. Fyne, minister of education, had both hoped that Sir James would be able in a few weeks to be about as usual. From about August 1, when Sir James became confined to his home, his condition alternated. At times he was confined to his bed entirely, but on other occasions he was able to sit up and take nourishment. During the past few days the premier had seemed to be in a better condition than he had been for the last month.

His doctors held out no hopes for complete recovery, but they did believe that his condition would improve to such an extent that he would be able to move about. The end was as much of a shock to the physicians as it was to the members of Sir James' family.

PASSED AWAY QUICKLY.

The premier had been in bed. Just a few minutes before 12 o'clock the premier was noticed to undergo a sudden change, and he became suddenly weak. Mrs. and Miss Whitney were summoned, and Dr. Hamilton notified. Sir James opened his eyes and smiled up at his wife and daughter. He then lapsed into unconsciousness. For a minute or two he seemed to breathe, and then his eyelids fluttered. He was dead.

Dr. Hamilton rushed to the house, but it was too late. Sir James Whitney had passed beyond medical aid.

Sir James is survived by Lady Whitney, one daughter, Nora Whitney, and son, Garnet. Three brothers, Albert, at Prescott, D. C., at Ottawa, and Carl, at Montreal, are also survivors.

Official Reports Show That Allies Are Still Holding Back Germans

Conditions Favorable on Allies' Left Wing, in Centre Violent Attacks Have Been Withstood and Slight Progress Made on Meuse—In Woevre District Thick Fog Stops Fighting—German Reports Deny Fall of Two Przemysl Forts.

PARIS, Sept. 28—11.08 p.m.—The following official communication was issued to-night:

"First—On our left wing the reports on the situation are favorable.

"Second—On the centre our troops have successfully withstood new and very violent attacks. We have made some slight progress on the heights of the Meuse. In the Woevre regions thick fog has caused a suspension of operations.

"Third—On our right wing (Lorraine and the Vosges) there has been no change in the situation."

LONDON, Sept. 28—9.46 p.m.—For the first time since the beginning of the war wireless news circulated by the French government was received in London to-night. The message, dated Sept. 28, follows:

"Feeling that their position was becoming more and more critical under the pressure of the allies' arms, the Germans have tried to stop us by repeated counter attacks. Since Sept. 26 they have delivered by day and night frequent and very violent attacks at several positions on our front. Everywhere they have been repulsed, sustaining considerable losses, and abandoning as they lay thousands of dead and wounded.

"The eighth army corps and the guards were severely put to the test, and a large number of prisoners fell into our hands, although many of the latter gave themselves up voluntarily, when they could have escaped.

"It seems that the German soldiers are beginning to have no further doubt as to the treatment which awaits them in captivity. At the beginning, all those we captured had a terrified and suppliating attitude, arising out of statements made by their officers to the effect that the French shot their prisoners. It is rather by an excess of kindness that we transgress in regard to them, and the too kindly treatment which is meted out to prisoners in certain districts of France has even evoked complaints, which occasionally have been justified on the part of all those who know how our men are treated in Germany."

ROME, Sept. 28.—12.45 p.m., via Paris—An official despatch from Petrograd says that Przemysl, in Galicia, is now entirely invested by the Russians and that the main Austrian army is retiring behind the Carpathians.

LONDON, Sept. 28.—9:40 p.m.—A wireless despatch to the Marconi Company from Berlin gives the following official statement, issued in the German capital to-day:

"There is no change in the situation at any of the theatres of war, and reports concerning a victorious advance of the enemy are untrue.

"Reports of the fall of two of the Przemysl forts are inventions."



GENERAL VON KLUCK
Commander of the German right wing, which is reported to be in danger of annihilation or capture.

RED DEER RIFLE ASSOCIATION

Get Off With a Good Start

A meeting to form a Rifle Association for Red Deer was held in the armory on Thursday last. Quite a number of enthusiasts turned out, while others were kept away owing to other meetings. Owing to a lot of initiative work having been already done, the meeting was able to get down to important business at once. A suitable firing range has been procured in section 21, west of the C.N.R. grade, kindly donated by W. A. Moore, and volunteers were working on it Saturday last getting it into shape. The butts will be placed in the base of the hill, so that the range will be a perfectly safe, one, and the distance can be anything up to 1000 yards. Twenty-six members joined the Association the first night, and it is anticipated that this will be doubled in a week's time. The entrance fee is $2 per head up to December 31st, 1915, for anyone 18 to 60 years of age. The government provide one rifle free for each scund of four, one hundred rounds of ammunition free for each man per year; all ammunition in excess of that amount can be bought at $2 per hundred rounds. In addition to the above the government allows the Association $1 per member up to 40, and 50 cents per member in excess of that number each year to help maintain ranges.

Captain—W. E. Wishart.
Secretary—A. G. Ayres.
Treasurer—A. W. G. Allen.

The following officers were elected:
Committee—A. T. Stephenson, W. Reid.



Major George Washington Stephens
a Montreal Millionaire who is attached to the colonial troop known as the King Edward Horse, which is drilling near London for active service. Many Canadians living or visiting in England volunteered for service in this regiment.

Dardanelles Are Now Closed To Navigation

LONDON, Sept. 28.—The Dardanelles have been closed to navigation, according to a despatch from Constantinople to Reuter's Telegram company. The duration of the closure is not stated.

What Can We Make In Red Deer

To the Editor of The News.

Never in the history of the world has there been such an upheaval, commercially and socially, as there is at the present time, brought about by the European war. Many cities and towns that have been known for years as manufacturing centres will be known as such no more, or in a lesser degree. These places have been recognized and depended upon as the producers of certain articles, and being situated at or near the centre of the seat of war are no longer able to supply the world with the articles that for years they have been accustomed to do. This has caused a general awakening, and today many places are asking the question why cannot we manufacture some of these articles. We have or can easily obtain the material; we have surplus labor right at our doors—and now is our opportunity. This awakening is not only going to cause the manufacturing of many articles that have been produced in Europe, but also the manufacturing of articles that have been produced in recognized centres of our own country. The awakening and upheaval will be universal. Every city and town will be asking the same questions: Is not this our opportunity? Can we not produce some article just as good and cheaply right here as sending away for it? What are we going to do to supply labor to the unemployed in our city or town? Among other cities to ask these questions is our own little city of Red Deer. To a very large extent this has been solved by our wealthy agricultural district. Our farmer neighbors are anything but poverty stricken. They have produce in abundance, and the prices are high; may they continue to prosper as they deserve. But we have here many artisans and laborers who are worthy of prospering, who are just as good mechanics and laborers as there are in other places, are there not opportunities for these in Red Deer? Can they not contribute towards Red Deer's prosperity as well as their own? It is in the hope that suggestions from our citizens that will help answer these questions that this article is written. To start with, let me suggest that our mechanics build boats. Most of the boats on Sylvan Lake have been bought down east. The freight on these is very high, making the cost excessive. The raw material can be placed in Red Deer comparatively cheap, and a good mechanic can manufacture just as good a boat in Red Deer as one in Peterborough or Hamilton, Ontario. If produced at a reasonable figure, I have no doubt but what as many as fifteen could be sold here next season, perhaps more. One more suggestion, a good mechanic can build a solid oak casket complete for less than twenty-five dollars in Red Deer, and yet all the caskets used here are brought from the east at a great deal higher figure, and not as good material as could be produced at that figure. In the old land a solid British oak coffin rarely costs more than ten dollars complete, and they are all built almost without exception locally. No doubt there are many more suggestions that might be brought forward if citizens would only give the matter thought and let us all decide to, in every case possible, patronize home manufacture.

CITIZEN.

Worth $1000 But Free to You

Sanol Kidney Remedy is made from herbs and is perfectly harmless. If you are a sufferer from Gall Stones, Kidney Stones, or Gravel, Sanol will effect a positive cure. If you have backache, kidney, bladder troubles, or rheumatism that is caused by excess of uric acid, dizziness, puffy swellings under the eyes, swollen feet and ankles, tired nervous feeling, urine very pale, or extra dark and cloudy, too frequent and painful urination, brick-dust sediment in urine after standing a few hours; you are in danger and Sanol Kidney Remedy will save you.

At all Druggists, $1.50 per bottle. Free Literature. Sanol Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Canada.

For sale at all leading druggists.

Synopsis of Canadian North-west Land Regulations.

The sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the District. Entry by proxy may be made at any Dominion Lands Agency (but not Sub-Agency), on certain conditions.

Duties—Six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres, on certain conditions. A habitable house is required except where residence is performed in the vicinity.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section along-side his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre.

Duties—Six months residence in each of three years after earning homestead patent; also 50 acres extra cultivation. Pre-emption patent may be obtained as soon as homestead patent, on certain conditions.

A settler who has exhausted his homestead right may take a purchased homestead in certain districts Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth $300.

The area of cultivation is subject to reduction in case of rough, scrubby or stony land. Live stock may be substituted for cultivation under certain conditions.

W. W. CORY, C.M.G.,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.—64388.

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EXCUSE ME!

By RUPERT HUGHES

NOVELIZED FROM THE COMEDY OF THE SAME NAME.



ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE PLAY AS PRODUCED By HENRY W. SAVAGE.

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CHAPTER I.

The Wreck of the Taxicab.

The young woman in the taxicab scuttling frantically down the dark street, clung to the arm of the young man alongside, as if she were terrified at the lawbreaking, neck-risking speed. But evidently some greater fear goaded her, for she gasped:

"Can't he go a little faster?"

"Can't you go a little faster?" The young man alongside howled as he thrust his head and shoulders through the window in the door.

But the self-created taxi-gale swept his voice aft, and the taut chauffeur perked his ear in vain to catch the vanishing syllables.

"What's that?" he roared.

"Can't you go a little faster?"

The indignant charioteer simply had to shoot one barbed glare of reproach into that passenger. He turned his head and growled:

"Say, do youse want to lose me me license?"

For just one instant he turned his head. One instant was just enough. The unguarded taxicab seized the opportunity, bolted from the track, and flung, as it were, its arms drunkenly around a perfectly respectable lamp-post attending strictly to its business on the curb. There ensued a condensed Fourth of July. Sparks flew, tires exploded, metals ripped, two wheels spun in air and one wheel, neatly severed at the axle, went reeling down the sidewalk half a block before it leaned against a tree and rested.

A dozen or more miracles coincided to save the passengers from injury. The young man found himself standing on the pavement with the unhinged door still around his neck. The young woman's arms were round his neck. Her head was on his shoulder. It had reposed there often enough, but never before in the street under a lamppost. The chauffeur found himself in the road, walking about on all fours, like a bewildered quadruped.

Evidently some overpowering need for speed possessed the young woman, for even now she did not scream, she did not faint, she did not murmur, "Where am I?" She simply said:

"What time is it, honey?"

And the young man, not realizing how befuddled he really was, or how his hand trembled, fetched out his watch and held it under the glow of the lamppost, which was now bent over in a convenient but disreputable attitude.

"A quarter to ten, sweetheart. Plenty of time for the train."

"But the minister, honey! What about the minister?"

The consideration of this riddle was interrupted by a muffled hubbub of yelps, whimpers and canine hysterics. Immediately the young woman forgot ministers, collisions, train-schedules—everything. She showed her first sign of panic.

"Snoozleums! Got Snoozleums!"

They groped about in the topsy-turvy taxicab, rummaged among a jumble of suitcases, handbags, umbrellas and minor impedimenta, and fished out a small dog-basket with an inverted dog inside. Snoozleums was ridiculous in any position, but as he slid tail foremost from the wicker basket, he resembled nothing so much as a heap of tangled yarn tumbling out of a work-basket. He was an indignant skein, and had much to say before he consented to snuggle under his mistress' chin.

About this time the chauffeur came prowling into view. He was too deeply shocked to emit any language of the garage. He was too deeply shocked to achieve any comment more brilliant than:

"That mess don't look much like it ever was a taxicab, does it?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders, and stared up and down the long street for another. The young woman looked sorrowfully at the wreck, and queried:

"Do you think you can make it go?"

The chauffeur glanced her way, more in pity for her whole sex than in scorn for this one type, as he mumbled:

"Make it go? It'll take a steam winch a week to unwrap it from that lamppost."

The young man apologized.

"I ought'n't to have yelled at you."

He was evidently a very nice young man. Not to be outdone in courtesy, the chauffeur retorted:

"I hadn't ought to have turned me head."

The young woman thought, "What a nice chauffeur!" but she gasped: "Great heavens, you're hurt!",

"It's nuttin' but a scratch on me t'umb."

"Lend me a clean handkerchief, Harry."

The young man whipped out his reserve supply, and in a trice it was a bandage on the chauffeur's hand. The chauffeur decided that the young woman was even nicer than the young man. But he could not settle on a way to say it. So he said nothing, and grinned sheepishly as he said it.

The young man named Harry was wondering how they were to proceed. He had already studied the region with dismay, when the girl resolved:

"We'll have to take another taxi, Harry."

"Yes, Marjorie, but we can't take it till we get it."

"You might wait here all night without ketchin' a glimp' of one," the chauffeur ventured. "I come this way because you wanted me to take a short cut."

"It's the longest short cut I ever saw," the young man sighed, as he gazed this way and that.

The pieces of their shipwreck was so deserted that not even a crowd had gathered. The racket of the collision had not brought a single policeman. They were in a dead world of granite warehouses, wholesale stores and factories, all locked and forbidding, and full of silent gloom.

In the daytime this was a big trade-artery of Chicago, and all day long it was thunderous with trucks and commerce. At night it was Pompeii, so utterly abandoned that the night watchmen rarely slept outside, and no footpad found it worth while to set up shop.

The three castaways stared every which way, and every which way was peace. The ghost of a pedestrian or two hurried by in the far distance. A cat or two went furtively in search of warfare or romance. The lamp-posts stretched on and on in both directions in two forevers.

In the faraway there was a muffled rumble and the faint clang of a bell. Somewhere a street car was bumping along its rails.

"Our only hope," said Harry. "Come along, Marjorie."

He handed the chauffeur five dollars as a poultice to his wounds, tucked the girl under one arm and the dog-basket under the other, and set out, calling back to the chauffeur:

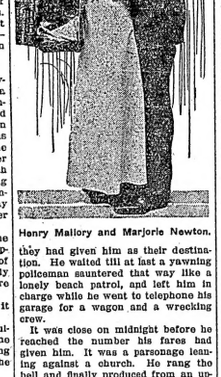
"Good night!"

"Good night!" the girl called back.

"Good night!" the chauffeur echoed. He stood watching them with the tender gaze that even a chauffeur may feel for young love hastening to a honeymoon.

He stood beaming so, till their footsteps died in the silence. Then he turned back to the chaotic remnants of his machine. He worked at it hopelessly for some time, before he had reason to look within. There he found the handbags and suitcases, umbrellas and other equipment. He ran to the corner to call after the owners. They were as absent of body as they had been absent of mind.

He remembered the street-number



Henry Mallory and Marjorie Newton.

they had given him as their destination. He waited till at last a yawning policeman sauntered that way like a lonely beach patrol, and left him in charge while he went to telephone his garage for a wagon and a wrecking crew.

It was close on midnight before he reached the number his fares had given him. It was a parsonage leaning against a church. He rang the bell and finally produced from an upper window a nightshirt topped by a frowsy head. He explained the situation, and his possession of certain properties belonging to parties unknown except by their first names. The clergyman drowsily murmured:

"Oh, yes. I remember. The young man was Lieutenant Henry Mallory, and he said he would stop here with a young lady, and get married on the way to the train. But they never turned up."

"Lieutenant Mallory, oh? Where could I reach him?"

"He said he was leaving tonight for the Philippines."

"The Philippines! Well, I'll be—" The minister closed the window just in time.

CHAPTER II.

The Early Birds and the Worm.

In the enormous barn of the railroad station stood many strings of cars, as if a gigantic young Gulliver stabled his toys there and invisibly amused himself; now whisking this one away, now backing that other in.

Some of the trains were noble equipages, fitted to glide across the whole map with cargoes of Lilliputian millionaires and their Lilliputian ladies. Others were humble and shabby linked-up day-coaches and dingy smoking-cars, packed with workers, like ants.

Cars are mere vehicles, but locomotives have souls. The express engines roll in or stalk out with grandeur and ease. They are like emperors. They seem to look with scorn at the suburban engines snorting and grunting and shaking the arched roof with their plebeian choo-choo as they puff from shop to cottage and back.

The trainmen take their cue from the behavior of their locomotives. The conductor of a transcontinental node to the conductor of a shuttle-train with less cordiality than to a brakeman of his own. The engineers of the limiteds look like senators in overalls. They are far-traveled men; leading a mighty life of adventure. They are pilots of land-ships across land-oceans. They have a right to a certain condescension of manner.

But no one feels or shows so much arrogance as the sleeping car porters. They cannot pronounce "supercilious," but they can be it. Their disdain for the native crew of any train that carries merely day-coaches or half-baked chair-cars, is expressed as only a darkey in a uniform can express disdain for poor white trash.

Of all the haughty porters that ever curled a lip, the haughtiest by far was the dusky attendant in the San Francisco sleeper on the Trans-American Limited. His was the train of



THE PORTER FELL ON ONE KNEE AND GOT TO WORK.

trains in that whole system. His car the car of cars. His passengers the surpassengers of all.

His trafs stood now waiting to set forth upon a voyage of two thousand miles, a journey across seven imperial states, a journey that should end only at that margo where the continent dips and vanishes under the breakers of the Pacific ocean.

At the head of his car, with his little box-step waiting for the foot of the first arrival, the porter stood, his head swelling under his cap, his breast swelling beneath his blue blouse, with its brass buttons like reflections of his own eyes. His name was Ellsworth Jefferson, but he was called anything from "Pearrurer" to "Pawtah," and he usually did not come when he was called.

Tonight he was wondering perhaps what passengers, with what dispositions, would fall to his lot. Perhaps he was wondering what his Chicago sweetheart would be doing in the eight days before his return. Perhaps he was wondering what his San Francisco sweetheart had been doing in the five days since he left her, and how she would pass the three days that must intervene before he reached her again.

He had Othello's ebon color. Did he have Othello's green eye?

Whatever his thoughts, he chatted gally enough with his neighbor and colleague of the Portland sleeper.

Suddenly he stopped in the midst of a snoring chuckle.

"Lordy, man, looky what's a-comin'!"

The Portland porter turned to gaze.

"I got my fingers crossed."

"I hope you git him."

"I hope I don't."

"He'll work you hard and cuss you out, and he won't give you even a Much Obliged."

"That's right. He ain't got a usher to carry his things. And he's got enough to fill a van."

The oncomer was plainly of English origin. It takes all sorts of people to make up the British Empire, and there is no sort lacking—glorious or pretty, or sour or sweet. But this was the type of English globe-trotter that makes himself as unpopular among foreigners as he is among his own people. He is almost as undurable as the Americans abroad who twang their banjo brag through Europe, and berate France and Italy for their innocence of buckwheat cakes.

The two porters regarded Mr. Harold Wedgewood with dread, as he bore down on them. He was almost lost in the plethora of his own luggage. He asked for the San Francisco sleeper, and the Portland porter had to turn away to smother his gurgling relief.

Ellsworth Jefferson's heart sank. He made a feeble effort at self-protection. The Pullman conductor not being present at the moment, he inquired:

"Have you got yo' ticket?"

"Of cawse."

"Could I see it?"

"Of cawse not. Too much trouble to fish it out."

The porter was fading. "Do you remember yo' numba?"

"Of cawse. Take these." He began to pile things on the porter like a mountain unloading an avalanche. The porter stumbled as he clambered up the steps, and squeezed through the strait path of the corridor into the slender aisle. He turned again and again to question the invader, but he was motioned and bunted down the car, till he was halted with a "This will do."

The Englishman selected section three for his own. The porter ventured: "Are you sho' this is yo' numba?"

"Yassah!"

"What time does this bally train start?"

"Ten-thutty, sah."

"But it's only ten now."

"Yassah. It'll be ten-thutty a little later."

"Do you mean to tell me that I've got to sit hyah for half an hour—just waitin'?"

The porter essayed another bit of irony:

"Well," he drawled, "I—might tell the conducta you're ready. And mebbe he'd start the train. But the time-table says ten-thutty."

He watched the effect of his satire, but it fell back unheeded from the granite dome of the Englishman, whose only comment was:

"Oh, never mind. I'll wait."

The porter cast his eyes up in despair, and turned away, once more to be recalled.

"Oh, pawtah, I think we'll unbutton my boots."

He was too weak to murmur "Yassah." He simply fell on one knee and got to work.

There was a witness to his helpless rage—a newcomer, the American counterpart of the Englishman in all that makes travel difficult for the fellow travelers. Ira Lathrop was zealous to resent anything short of perfection, quick and loud of complaint, apparently impossible to please.

In everything else he was the opposite of the Englishman. He was burly, middle-aged, rough, careless in attire, careless of speech—as uncouth and savage as one can well be who is plainly a man of means.

It was not enough that a freeborn Afro-American should be caught kneeling to an Englishman. But when he had escaped this penance, and advanced hospitably to the newcomer, he must be greeted with a snarl.

"Say, are you the porter of this car, or that man's nurse?"

"I can't tell yet. What's yo' numba, please?"

The answer was the ticket. The porter screwed up his eyes to read the pencilled scrawl.

"Numba so'm. Heah she is, boss."

"Right next to a lot of women, I'll bet. Couldn't you put me in the men's end of the car?"

"Not ve'y well, suh. I reckon the cah is done sold out."

With a growl of rage, Ira Lathrop slammed into the seat his entire hand baggage, one ancient and rusty valise.

The porter gazed upon him with increased depression. The passenger list had opened inauspiciously with two of the worst types of travelers the Anglo-Saxon race has developed.

But their anger was not their worst trait in the porter's eyes. He was, in a limited way, an expert in human character.

When you meet a stranger you reveal your own character in what you ask about his. With some, the first question is, "Who are his people?" With others, "What has he achieved?" With others, "How much is he worth?" Each gauges his cordiality according to his estimate.

The porter was not curious on any of these points. He showed a democratic indifference to them. His one vital inquiry was:

"How much will he tip?"

His inspection of his first two charges promised small returns. He buttoned up his cordiality, and determined to waste upon them the irreducible minimum of attention.

It would take at least a bridal couple to retsore the balance. But bridal couples in their first bloom rarely stoop to the lot of that porter, for what bridal couple wants to lock itself in with a crowd of passengers for the first seventy-two hours of wedded bliss?

The porter banished the hope as a vanity. Little he know how eagerly the young castaways from that wrecked taxicab desired to be a bridal couple, and to catch this train.

But the Englishman was restive again:

"Pawtah! I say, pawtah!"

"Yassah!"

"What time are we due in San Francisco?"

"San Francisco? San Francisco? We are doo thah the evenin' of the fo'th day. This bein' Monday, that ought to bring us in about Thuzzday evenin'."

The Yankee felt called upon to check the foreign usurper.

"Porterrr!"

"Yassah!"

"Don't let that fellow monopolize you. He probably won't tip you at all."

The porter grew confidential:

"Oh, I know his kind, sah. They don't tip you for what you do do, but they're ready letter writers to the Sooperintendent for what you don't do."

"Pawtah! I say, pawtah!"

"Here, porterrr."

The porter tried to imitate the Irish bird, and be in two places at once. The American had a coin in his hand. The porter caught the gleam of it, and flitted thither. The Yankee growled:

"Don't forget that I'm on the train, and when we get to 'Frisco there may be something more."

The porter had the coin in his hand.



The Porter.

Its heft was light. He sighed: "I hope so."

The Englishman was craning his head around owlishly to ask:

"I say, pawtah, does this train ever get wrecked?"

"Well, it hasn't yet," and he murmured to the Yankee, "but I has hopes."

The Englishman's voice was querulous again.

"I say, pawtah, open a window, will you? The air is ghastly, abso-rippingly ghastly."

The Yankee growled:

"No wonder we had the Revolutionary war!"

Then he took from his pocket an envelope addressed to Ira Lathrop & Co., and from the envelope he took a contract, and studied it grimly. The envelope bore a Chinese stamp.

The porter, as he struggled with an obstinate window, wondered what sort of passenger fate would send him next.

CHAPTER III.

In Darkest Chicago.

The castaways from the wrecked taxicab hurried along the doleful street. Both of them knew their Chicago, but this part of it was not their Chicago.

They hailed a pedestrian, to ask where the nearest street car line might be, and whither it might run. He answered indistinctly from a discreet distance, as he hastened away. Perhaps he thought their question merely a footpad's introduction to a sandbagging episode. In Chicago at night one never knows.

"As near as I can make out what he said, Marjorie," the lieutenant pondered aloud, "we walk straight ahead till we come to Umptyump street, and there we find a Harrars car that will take us to Bloptyblop avenue. I never heard of any such streets, did you?"

"Never," she panted, as she jog-trotted alongside his military pace. "Let's take the first car we meet, and perhaps the conductor can put us off at the street where the minister lives."

"Perhaps." There was not much confidence in that "perhaps."

When they reached the street-carred street, they found two tracks, but nothing occupying them, as far as they could peer either way. A small shopkeeper in a tiny shop proved to be a delicatessen merchant so busily selling foreign horrors to aliens, that they learned nothing from him.

At length, in the far-away, they made out a headlight, and heard the grind and squeal of a car. Lieutenant Mallory waited for it, watch in hand. He boosted Marjorie's elbow aboard and bombarded the conductor with questions. But the conductor had no more heard of their street than they had of his. Their agitation did not disturb his stolc calm, but he invited them to come along to the next crossing, where they could find another car and more learned conductors; or, what promised better, perhaps a cab.

He threw Marjorie into a panic by ordering her to fetttsom Snoozleums,

(Continued on Page 7).

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OF ALL KINDS
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CITY FATHERS HOLD QUIET SESSION

The second regular monthly meeting of the Council was held on Thursday last in the City Hall. Mayor Carscallen presided over a full muster of members. Business was very quiet and the members were able to get away before ten o'clock.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Brazeau Collieries wrote acknowledging receipt of statement of Business Taxes for the year 1914. They called the Council's attention that from the first of September the staff had been moved from Red Deer to Nordegg and as they now only rented three rooms over Gaetz-Cornett Drug store they should be allowed a rebate of taxes.

A letter was read from the Sec.-Treas. of the Rural Municipality Re Commission Government.

The Secretary of the International Irrigation wrote Re Appointments of delegates.

John Blue, Provincial Librarian, wrote asking for total assessment of City.

N. B. Stark & Co., Bankers, of Montreal, thanked the Council for copies of Statement of Municipality.

M. A. Munro, Secretary of School Board, notified the Council that owing to the resignation of W. Robertson there was a vacancy on the School Board for the balance of 1914 and 1915, and asking for steps to be taken to fill the vacancy.

The Secretary-Treasurer of the Village of Provost thanked the Council for the use of a copy of the By-Law of the Fire Brigade, which they had found very useful in framing a By-Law for themselves.

Department of Municipal Affairs, Edmonton, forwarded a small map showing the boundaries of the School District in the vicinity of Red Deer.

COMMISSIONERS REPORT

The Commissioners brought in the following report:—

We are taking up with Engineer Dawe and the Solicitors the question of establishing street grades by By-law and hope to report fully at the next meeting.

With Alderman Smith and Carswell we went over the city land and they are of the opinion that it would not be advisable to attempt to cultivate the land by hired labor. We would suggest that, if a worthy family wish to occupy the land fenced in, they be allowed to build a small house and cultivate as much as they wish without charge.

We recommend that $300 be paid Seymour & Dawe on account of sewer plans.

S. N. Carscallen,
A. T. Stephenson,
Commissioners.

Discussion on clause 3 of Commissioners report.

The question of making a payment of $300 on account to Mr. Dawe, Engineer, for services rendered in connection with plans for City Engineering was discussed at length and while the Council thought that the money should be paid they did not wish to do anything that might prejudice the case on behalf of the City, so that it was thought best for the matter to be left in the hands of the Commissioners to take up further with the Solicitor and Mr. Dawe.

Moved by Alderman Lord and Smith—That Commissioners' report be adopted with the exception of clause three.

ACCOUNTS.

The following accounts were passed:

The Postmaster, (stamps) $20.00; Public School Board, $1,500.00; Great West Lumber Co., $30.00; F. Day, $40.80; Red Deer Memorial Hospital, $4.50; The Postmaster, (P. O. Box) $4.50; A. Clutterbuck, $13.95; The American City, $2.50; Standard Drug Co., $4.80; T. A. Gaetz, $7.00; Red Deer Advocate, $81.58; Seymour & Dawe $70.00; Greene & Payne, $14.40; C. White, $12.50; J. Rovers, $2.75.

CORRECTIONS IN ASSESSMENT.

The Secretary-Treasurer sent in the following recommendation:

The Mayor and Council, City of Red Deer.

Gentlemen:—

Red Deer, September 24, 1914

I beg to recommend that the following rebates be made on the tax roll:—

Smith Land Co., $95.26, arrears charged against Unsub. part of Sec. 8. Last year they were assessed for more land than they owned there.

F. Turnbull, Lot 12, Woodlands, $23.10.

The two blocks were assessed for the past two years as subdivided, whereas they have never been subdivided.

Mrs. A. A. Moore Estate, $381.15, on W. ½, Sec. 17, North of River. This property is duplicated on the assessment roll.

I also beg to point out that the following properties have been omitted from this year's assessment roll:

Blocks 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, Woodlands.

S. East quarter, Sec. 7, South Rosedale.

Provision is made in the ordinances for addition to the roll of properties left off.

Your obedient servant,
A. T. Stephenson,
Sec.-Treasurer.

Moved Ald. Watson—Lord, that the following rebates be allowed:

Smith Land Co., $95.26, on unsubdivided part of section 8. F. Turnbull, $22.16, on lot 12, Woodlands. J. A. Carswell, $22.16, on lot 11, Woodlands. Mrs. A. A. Moore, $380.15, on W. ½, Sec. 17, north of river. Carried.

BY-LAW TO ELECT SCHOOL TRUSTEE.

A By-law, No. 377, for the election of a School Trustee in the place of W. Robertson, resigned, was passed. Nomination day was fixed for Tuesday, October 6th, the polling, if any, to be held in the City Hall, Tuesday October 13th.

MUNICIPALITIES MEETING AT CAMROSE.

The Mayor said as he had attended the meeting of Municipalities at Camrose, the Council would expect him to report on the same, but he thought that as Mr. Galbraith was present and was last year's chairman the report would come better from him.

Mr. Galbraith gave a brief msume of what had taken place.

The meeting had been addressed by the Ex Mayor of Edmonton. Mr. Dawe had read a paper that was well received. Red Deer had come in for a lot of talk, particularly of their frank statement to the Bank. The question of Tax on land had come in for a lot of discussion, as also did the business Tax, but, the sentiment was against departure from the land tax. The action of the banks in their treatment towards municipalities was discussed, and it was felt that in some cases the managers were to blame. Lethbridge were having varied experiences that were causing a whole lot of trouble. Another matter of importance was that the Government should be asked to have the school by-laws put before the people in the same way as city by-laws were put. Quite a number of towns were now assessing to cover losses on arrears of taxes. Towns were assessed in some cases as high as 80 mills.

Council adjourned shortly after 9.30 o'clock.

WOOD and COAL
FOR CASH!
D. A. McGill
Yard: 163, 3rd. Street North
House Phone 227

ANNOUNCEMENT

We have taken over the Laurentia Creamery Business, and will give highest prices for Dairy Products.

We are continuing our Grinding, Flour and Feed Business, which we will remove from the present premises to the Laurentia building on October 1st.

The Milk Route will be continued, also the sale of Butter-milk, Cream and Ice-cream.

Hepworth & Trimble

THE HIGHLAND LADS

How she cried—Ah, how her poor old body was wracked with the sobs that shook her, as she stood down there at Cherry street station on Saturday afternoon, the rain drizzling down on her black bonnet and her snow white hair. It made your throat ache—it made the tears race down your own cheek. For her soldier boy, so brave in his kilts, and just marched past with the 48th Highlanders.

But she let him go—aye she did not hold him back, and it was only after he was out of sight that she broke down, and the boy's young wife with white face and teeth tight together to keep her chin from quivering, stood there gently patting the mother's shoulder.

All honor to the women!

And the Highlanders themselves, how proud of them you felt as they marched down under the bridge and along to the train. The pipers, fine in their Prince Charlie plaid, led the way, blowing bravely on their pipes, and the choir that met them was a great volume of sound, growing and growing until it burst all bounds.

Then it was the same scene, not easy to face unmoved, which had taken place a week before when the Queen's Own and Grenadiers left. Mothers kept step with their sons, holding tight to their arms. Young wives smiled bravely into young husband's eyes, straightened with womanly hand, something on the knapsack, or tucked a parcel of fruit in on top. Bare-faced boys, unashamed, held tight to the hands of their girls! Every one tried so hard to be brave. There was something of the Scotch in the way they hid their feelings. And, oh, the Scotch descent that you saw in the heads stuck out of the car window! It seemed as though every sixth or seventh head of hair was of ruddy sunny hue.

Here, with the stars proclaiming him Captain, was a lad whom you had last seen wielding a tennis racquet. There another but a boy who you remembered as a tiny lad in sailor suit, and yet who two days ago was married, and now was off with his regiment.

The band played "Tommy Atkins," "God bless you, Tommy Atkins," sang the crowd. Then the train blew her warning whistle, and "Bonny Charlie's gone awa'—Will he no Come Back Again," played the band, drifting into "Auld Lang Syne." It was almost too much for the by-standers, but the soldier boys and men gaily waved as the train moved out, and fluttering handkerchiefs and great cheers bid them God speed.

Pine Lake News

We are all very sorry to hear of the sad news of the death of Mr. Sharp, father of Miss and R.A.A. D. Sharp, better known as Bob. They have our sincere sympathy.

Guy Gibson had the misfortune to hurt his thumb last week. When he was sharpening willow pickets, the axe slipped and glanced on the thumb of his right hand, and it makes it very hard on him, although he is left-handed. We all hope it will soon be better. Dr. Warke is attending to his injuries.

Frank Cobble was badly kicked last week by a horse, but is progressing very favorably.

Some folks are very ignorant of the game laws, and say you can shoot ducks without a license, and some think chicken shooting started on the 15th September, but it is October 1st to November 30th. If they don't know the laws, they should say little.

There will be a concert, supper and dance on Friday, October 2nd, in the schoolhouse at Fairbank to raise money for the erection of a shed for the horses.

There will be a dance at Sandy Cove Hotel on Thursday, October 8th. Gentlemen $1.00, ladies free; proceeds to go to the widows' and orphans' fund. The proprietors are giving the hall free, so please come and bring your slippers.

Quite a few are under the weather, but it's glorious again, and the trees and bushes look just splendid, and some of the colors are great.

Red Deer Market

The Red Deer market of Thursday last was another bumping success. The Consumers' League of Calgary got an idea into their heads that Red Deer's market was a failure and had to be closed. Mr. Mann's reply to the President, Mrs. Newhall, as reproduced in The News of last week, will satisfy the Consumers' League that we are very much alive. We note, however, in one of the Calgary papers that the storekeepers of Calgary complain that the market is hurting them considerably. We do not find the same state of things in Red Deer. Many people here are beginning to realize that with few exceptions they can do as well by phoning to the store and having their goods delivered as going to the market and carrying them home. We do not consider that prices compare favorably with Calgary market. Cabbage at 4c per lb. and cauliflower about 10c per lb. is too high altogether. High prices will kill the market. There does not appear to be any competition.

Following are some of the prices: Potatoes, 60c bushel; cabbages, 4c lb.; cauliflower, 10c to 25c each; celery, 5c lb.; butter, 25c to 30c; chicken, 25c lb.; duck, 20c lb.; winter radish, 5c each; mutton, 12½c to 15c lb.; loin of beef, 18c lb.; pork, 16c lb.; sausage, 2 lbs. 25c; bacon, 18c lb.; home made bread, 6c loaf; pies, 15c; cookies and doughnuts, 15c doz.

MILLINERY!

We have just received a consignment of the newest creations from New York and Chicago which are the newest shown in these markets.

If you do not see anything in our selection to give you entire satisfaction, wait for our next shipment. These shipments will arrive each week, and will comprise

The Newest and Smartest

at time of shipping.



Don't Be Too Hasty

in buying, as you are sure to see something

"JUST RIGHT"

among some of our weekly arrivals.

These Hats are splendidly made, and the prices are:

$2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $4.25, $4.50, $5.00, $6.00 up to $10.00

DRESS GOODS

This is a good time to get your heavy dress made up ready for cold weather. We have a fine range to choose from

TWEEDS and TWEED EFFECTS

in Reds, Greys, Blues and Browns, 44 ins. wide at 60c., 65c. & 75c. 54 ins. wide at - 85c.

MELTONS

in shades of Red, Navy, Grey and Brown, 40 ins. at 50c. 54 ins. at 75c.

DUVETYNE CLOTH

A new weave, in Mahogany, Red, Brown and Navy, 44 ins wide, $1.00

ALLOVER LACES

A fine range of these goods in Gipure, Crinkle Cloth, Shadow Lace and Nets. Prices range from 50c., 60c., 65c., 75c. to 2.00 per yard.

LACE FLOUNCINGS

Some lovely designs in Cotton and Silk and Cotton, three widths to match, 9 in., 12 in. and 24 in., at 50c., 75c., 1.00 and 1.25

FRENCH CORDED VELVETS

in Navy, Royal, Myrtle, Cardinal, Golden Brown, Seal Brown, and Cope, 27 ins. wide - 75c.

PLAIN VELVETS—all shades, 22 ins, wide - 60c.

BLACK SILK VELVET, 18 ins., - - 1.00

" " VELVETEEN, 24 ins. - - 1.00

" " " 27 ins. - - 1.50

FANCY SILKS

Beautiful FRENCH PLAIDS just in, at $1.25, 1.75 & 2.00

ROMAN STRIPES in large variety of colorings, 1.75 & 2.00

CREPE DE CHENE in Rose, Cope, Black, Etc., 44 ins. wide, at 1.75

PRIESTLEY'S SERGE

English made, and acknowledged to have no superior; Black, Blues and Brown, 42 ins. - 60c. 44 ins. 85c. & 1.00 54 ins. 1.50 & 1.75

LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S NIGHTGOWNS

Ladies' Flannelette Nightgowns, 56, 58 and 60 inch; good heavy material and nicely trimmed, - 1.00, 1.25, 1.50 & 2.00
Misses' sizes - 75c. & 85c. Children's sizes - 50c. & 75c.

LADIES' PLUSH SETS

Beautiful sets, comprising Muff and Stole, in Grey, Taupe, Black and White; very dressy and warm, and much better value than furs at the same price. The prices are very reasonable—

$5.00, 6.00, 8.00, 10.00, 12.00 & 15.00 the set

WRAPPERETTES

We have been careful for the needs of material for Children's Winter Wear and Ladies' House Dresses, Kimonas, Etc., and have a range of neat patterns, light and dark, for dresses, and beautiful novelty designs for Kimonas and Dressing Sacks at - 12½c. 15c. & 25c.

MEN'S OUTER GARMENTS

MEN'S SUITS

The chilly nights are here, and you will need a heavier suit, and we have the stock to fix you up. Our suits are bought from the biggest manufacturers in large numbers, and for cash, insuring the lowest possible prices.

THE STYLES are right, not too extreme, but smart and dressy, and we guarantee the fit and workmanship of every suit.

Navy Blue Serge Suits sell for $13.50, 18.00, 20.00, 22.00, 25.00 & 28.00

(This includes Irish or English Serge)

Tweed Suits sell for $12.00, 15.00, 18.00, 20.00, 22.00, 25.00 & 28.00

and a large range of colors to choose from, including the new heather mixture, navy with white thread showing, greys, browns, either light or dark.

MEN'S OVERCOATS

The cool weather has made a stir in our Overcoat department, and we have lots more to sell.

HEAVY ULSTERS, convertible collar, or shawl collar, with or without belt on the back; mostly tweeds, in various colors, at $15.00, 18.00, 20.00, 22.00, 25.00, 28.00, 30.00

FALL WEIGHTS

A very nice coat for fall wear is the Chesterfield—Black Cheviot with silk facing at 20.00 & 22.00.

A line similar in style, of Tweed, single breasted, notched collar, is also a favorite for fall wear, at 16.00 and 20.00

BOYS' SUITS

Our line is as complete as is possible in Boys' Suits. We carry all sizes, and have a fine selection of colors in Tweeds and Navy Serge. The sizes are from 24 to 34, and the prices are 4.00, 4.50, 5.00, 5.50, 6.00 up to 9.00.

We have them in single breasted, double breasted, Norfolk style, with or without belt, and they are well made.

LADIES' SHOES

C. P. Ford's justly celebrated shoes for Ladies have all the points necessary in a good shoe for comfort and good appearance.

PATENT LEATHER—Plain toe, Cuban heel, for dress occasions, at $5.00

GUN METAL—Laced Balmoral, low heel, for comfort and durability, at $5.00

VICI KID—Laced, low heel and wide last, but very smart looking at $5.00.
The same style buttoned at $5.00.

CUSHION SOLE—Rubber heel, double E last in Vici Kid, solid comfort at $4.50

FRIDAY SPECIALS

Men's Blucher Boots
50 pairs Men's Gunmetal Blucher, Tan or Black for 3.75. The best bargain yet.

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Tan Oxfords and one strap slippers, well made goods and a genuine snap. Reg. 3.50 for 1.39

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Crumbs celebrated prints staple goods and patterns, a limited quantity only. Reg. 15c. Friday 10c.

Sheets
English made sheets, two inch hem, twilled or plain, very heavy. Reg. 3.00 pair. Friday 2.50 pair.

Curtain Rods
Brass rods 54 in. extension, trimmed complete. Reg. 15c. Fri. 10c.

Window Shades
Green, Light Green, White or Cream, plain water colors. Reg. 50c Friday 35c.

Men's Braces
English web; leather tipped, a good brace. Reg. 35c. Friday 20c. Another line with roll back, same style as President brace. Reg. 35c. Friday 20c.

Men's Gloves
Unlined, Fall weight, Suede or Kid and Moca in Grey, Tan and Brown. Reg. 1.25 to 1.75 for 95c.

McLean Bros. RED DEER'S BUSY STORE

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Ask your physician what is needed in any special case.

We are apt to have what he suggests and shall be glad to furnish it at a reasonable price.

Hot Water Bottles
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Cascara Bromide Tablet is a great thing to knock out a cold at the start - 25c.

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The News

RED DEER - ALBERTA

Published Every Wednesday Morning at The News Block, Gaetz Ave. South.

Subscription $1.00 per year if paid in advance.

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ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

JNO. A. CARSWELL, Editor and Proprietor.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 30th, 1914.

THERE WAS AN EMERGENCY.

The Toronto Sun, a farm journal with strong Liberal leanings, says:

"We should think that it will be obvious to the electorate that nobody saw the emergency. Had it been seen either by the Government party or the Opposition, the struggle, if any, during the session of 1912 and 1913, would have been, not about naval contribution, but about providing a store of soiders' shoes, trousers and great coats, and other equipment of an army to be hurled, with the least possible delay, at the Empire's foes."

Such rot. The emergency was seen by the first Lord of the Admiralty, and the Premier of Canada was informed that 2 dreadnoughts were wanted. But it was people like the editor of the Sun who continually claimed there was no emergency, backed up by the fossilized Senate, and the Liberal party in the House of Commons and in Canada. What good would soldiers' boots and trousers be to the people if we had not dreadnoughts to defend our country?

We do not think it is in the province of papers like the Sun to say the Conservatives did not see the emergency. They worked and voted for it, and it would have passed, and our iron clads would be on the firing line today, were it not for papers like the Sun and men like Dr. Michael Clark, member for Red Deer, who used his utmost ability to show there was no emergency. He is credited with uttering seventy-five thousand words in opposition to the emergency. In one sentence he said: "The whole case of contribution was a case of emergency, and the emergency disappeared when the fleet went to Gibraltar. And if it disappeared at that time, where is the emergency today? My right hon. friend knows, and every one of his supporters know, that the fleet has been dispersed to the seven seas, and the German fleet with it, and every lover of civilization is very glad to see that come about. And that dispersal of the fleet is the second absolute justification of all that the Opposition did last winter, whether it was in the House of Commons or in the Senate."

When the emergency bill first came up in the House, the Germans stopped building battleships, as it looked as though the Empire would send dozens of ships to help defend the Empire. After they had read Dr. Clark's speeches, and the speeches of other Liberal orators, they concluded Canada would never consent to send troops to fight against Germany or send battleships to help the Empire on the sea. One of the bitterest pills the German Kaiser has had to swallow is the fact that he was foolish enough to pay any attention to the political clap trap uttered by Liberal orators who opposed the emergency bill introduced into the House of Commons by the Conservative party.

A GREAT CANADIAN.

(London "Advertiser").

Dr. William Saunders, who died on September 13, deserved, if any man deserved, to be regarded as one of Canada's empire builders. He was the John Burroughs of cereals, and it has been said of him that through his creation of thousands of new kinds of wheat he added millions of dollars to the wealth of the Canadian farmer, and, for that matter, the world's farmer. His "Marquis" wheat was his masterpiece. He developed this cereal and introduced it into the northwest and won many prizes with it throughout the continent.

London has peculiar satisfaction in the fact that Dr. Saunders began his work in horticulture and agriculture in this city, having had several experimental farms in this vicinity before his appointment as director of the Ottawa experimental farm. He has spent his declining years in the city, our most distinguished citizen in many respects, yet very little known. Could his achievements have been heralded and totalled in annual statements, he would have been thought a marvel by the public. But the public knew very little of him. There was no superficial romance or speechmaking in his "campaigns." His was the silent, arduous conquest in the laboratory. Yet he was a greater man than many others London has called great.

King Edward VII. thought him great and rewarded him with an order of merit. He will long live in the memory of the Canadian farmer, whose debt will be acknowledged now that death tears the veil away from the man and his Titanic work.

W. C. T. U. Column

(Contributed)

TESTIMONY OF GREAT MEN.

In all the fields of human effort no fact is more certain than this that there is never room for the drinker at the top. Let us take the testimony of some great men. Andrew Carnegie says: "I am not a temperance lecturer, but I know and I tell you that you are more likely to fail in your career for acquiring the drink habit than from all the other temptations that will assail you.

Emperor William requires a chauffeur for his automobile. It is the land of beer and personal liberty. A man of unblemished reputation applies who seems to be the ideal man, but the royal agent asks him, "Do you drink alcoholic liquors?" The man confesses to an occassional glass of beer and the agent shakes his head. The man says "It was never drunk in my life," and the agent answers, "Yes, but many many men are a little drunk when they think they are quite sober—the vision just a little blurred, the hearing a little dulled, the attention a little slowed, the judgment a little confused."

Luther Burbank requires an assistant in the making of new fruits and flowers. Here comes a young man, doctor of philosophy, earnest, skillful, trained. But he smells of beer, send him away. This work is for the finest and malted brains are never the finest.

A short time ago the Catholic Order of Foresters with a quarter of a million membership voted to exclude all liquor dealers on the ground that they are extra hazardous lives. That makes the sixty-fifth benefit fraternity to take such action.

Sir Frederick Treves, the foremost physician in England, was with the British army on the march to the relief of Ladysmith. It was a forced march. Terrible consequences hung upon the issue. Only a remnant of the army arrived and of these only a part were able to fight. Sir Frederick reported that the determining element in this trial of endurance was grog. The drinkers fell out or were dead beat. The abstainers arrived and were fit. The liquor traffic is against the safety of the soldier.

When Dr. Lorenz was entertained at a banquet in New York he turned down the wine glasses and said "I am a surgeon. I put my hands upon the lives of men, women and children. I must keep my nerves at their best or be untrue to those that trust me."

THE BRITISH NAVY

Patriotic Meeting Drew Record Crowd

H. B. AMES ADDRESSES MEETING

The Patriotic Fund meeting, advertised to take place in the armory on Saturday night last, brought out a record crowd, both in numbers and sympathy, for it was easily seen that every one present realized the vital importance of carrying out a duty we owe, each and every one, of looking after the interests of the dependants of those who are at the front fighting to uphold the principles of the glorious British Empire, and incidentally to save us, as a nation, from being trodden under the heel of the military despot Kaiser William.

E. Michener, M.P.P., President of the Red Deer branch organization of the Patriotic Fund, opened the meeting at 8.30. He thanked the citizens for the interest they showed in turning out in such numbers, and introduced to them, H. B. Ames, of Montreal, Secretary of the Dominion Patriotic Fund. Mr. Ames, he said, was one of the members who represented the great city of Montreal, and was an example of the truth of the old statement that only busy people had time to do anything. King George was a patron of the fund, and His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught was the President, whose message to the people he then read. Mr. Michener proceeded to give an idea of what the fund would do. Strong executives and branches had been formed in all parts, and they would have to be careful and avoid the danger of overlapping. He was proud of the response given to the call. It was a response of spontaneous expression of loyalty to the Empire of which we feel we are so great a part, as well as the loyalty we feel to those who have gone from our midst to do their part. Our loyalty was also expressed in the interest of the object of the war itself, which was for freedom, liberty and justice on the part of the allies, and on the German side militarism and autocracy. It was more than a war of nations, it was a war of the world for British principles, and there could be only one result in the interests of humanity, and that result was inevitable. Whatever the result may be, one country would go down to posterity as a country of heroes, namely, Belgium. Applause. Mr. Michener here explained that Mr. Ames would give his lecture on the British navy in the Lyric at 9.30, owing to no lantern being available in the armory for the slides. He then proceeded to point out that the committee intended making a collection of clothing and boots for distressed Belgians, at the same time that they were collecting for the Patriotic Fund. He was very pleased to know that the Provincial Government had made a donation of 5,000 sacks of flour to the Belgians. He then called upon Mr. Gheur, consulting engineer to the Brazeau Collieries Co. to present his case on behalf of the Belgian people, he being of that nationality.

Mr. Gheur first of all asked pardon for imposing his bad English on the audience, but felt that it was his duty to call attention to the distress in Belgium. Mr. Gheur made a most eloquent appeal, his own feelings showing very plainly with the emotion expressed on his face when describing the distress his fellow countrymen were going through, and through no fault of their own. He told how small the country was, only 11,000 square miles, 200 miles long and 55 miles wide, yet it had the most densely packed population in the world. He spoke of the atrocities committed, of the cities and towns razed to the ground, and of more than 150,000 families being without shelter or transportation, who were being served with soup twice a day. Thousands also were going to England where they were being well cared for. The present state of the country was bad while being held by the Germans, but what would it mean when the Germans had to retire to their own country? They would simply out of a spirit of revenge destroy everything they came in sight of; it would just be terrible. He felt, however, that in the end peace would be bound to result, particularly as Great Britain had joined with the allies and had seen the thing through. In any case Belgium would suffer the most. They had splendid buildings and splendid farms, but there would be no wheat, no hay, no cattle, no mines working, and for the next three years it would be desolation. All the world realized Belgium's position, and was giving relief, and what he asked of us here was clothing and boots only, and hoped he would get a carload for shipment to Montreal, where it would be again shipped for headquarters. All parcels could be shipped to the vacant store in the new Michener block.

Mr. Gheur finished his appeal by saying Belgium had done her duty, and was greeted with loud applause when he took his seat.

Mayor Carscallen was the next speaker. He said he intended to be brief, as his voice would not carry well in that great hall. He proceeded to tell how the Patriotic Fund movement had been brought about in this district. Six weeks previous, when the volunteers left for Valcartier, cases had come to their notice of men who had gone away leaving dependants unprovided for, and we found many more cases would likely arise where assistance would be needed. The duty of providing for these people would rightly fall on the citizens, and so a meeting was called a month ago to see what had best be done. Views were exchanged, and a committee appointed to gather information. French and Belgian consuls had been written to, also others. We had read in the press about this time that a great movement throughout the Dominion was taking place, and we wired to Mr. Ames who, in the course of a few days, sent us the most complete plans and details. A more representative meeting was then got together, from which very strong committees were selected, and it was decided to become a branch of the national organization, which was on a much broader scale. The committee had postponed their collecting until after today to give the citizens a chance of listening to the secretary of the national fund, Mr. H. B. Ames. We would not be right in looking on this as a matter of charity. It was certainly a duty, and after we fully appreciated what this means, we should, he felt certain, not be behind any other locality, for everyone would want to have a share in this work. Those at the front were doing their duty; those at home must do their's.

H. B. Ames who, on rising, received an enthusiastic reception, said that when he stepped off the train he had expected to lecture on the British navy, but was told that there was a patriotic meeting and he would have an opportunity to speak at it. He, told the people that the authorities at Ottawa knew long ago that we were anxious to have a branch of the organization named Red Deer. His best plan would be to run over some of the best features. When war was declared it came as a thunderbolt. Reservists went to the front in a few days, both British and French, and Parliament voted funds to send a contingent, all this being done in haste. Many men came to the front as volunteers, and we began to realize that many sacrifices had been made, and organizations for relief sprang up throughout the Dominion like mushrooms. Who was to look after the women and children? It was soon realized that many parts responded readily, while others did not give enough. This would not do, and it was decided to make a national organization, so that no family from the Atlantic to the Pacific should be in want. As soon as the people realized the aims and objects, they responded most generously. This incorporated fund has one object—"The care of dependants of those gone to the front"—and it must be confined to that. Letters asked how shall we proceed. The central organization has power to recognize local branches, each organization having its own officers and being divided into committees for collecting and relief. Who were entitled to relief? The dependants of any men gone to the front, British, French or Belgian, all to have the same treatment,. Though the number might be large, Canada could be depended on to look after them all. How much to give? It all depended on circumstances, but not more than what was reasonable, each province to decide upon a scale for itself. The Canadian Government was allowing $20 per month; the British Government about $15; the French a lesser sum, and Belgium was unable to give anything. The difference between the sum decided upon, and the money given by the governments, would have to be given from the fund. In the event of local funds not being sufficient to meet the local needs, the national fund could be drawn on; and in the event of the local funds being more than needed to meet the requirements they would be at the disposal of the national fund committee. The local committees would hold the moneys as the property of the national fund, but they would be left in the banks here, and all that was asked for by the central organization was a plain statement of the funds and the expenditures, and as long as they were handled right the whole of the funds were at our disposal. It was found that parts differed. Some would be long on patriotism and short on cash; some would send men, but have no money; while others who had no men would give cash. When the crisis came every man had to decide what to do, fight or pay. The wife of a soldier had every right to the money. When the husband said, I will fight; and the wife said, you have my consent to go and risk life and limb; it was our duty to see that the wife and family of that man wanted for nothing. What they lacked through his absence was up to us to pay. It was not a case of charity.

Relief committees should take every care in their investigations, and he hoped the ladies would visit as often as possible, for sometimes sympathy was needed more than money. The demands on the committee at first might be small, but they would likely increase, and so we wanted every yard of territory well looked after.

In conclusion he spoke briefly of Belgium, and said they were the pluckiest people in the world. When the committee had raised one and a half million dollars for the fund, the Belgian committee also turned in funds, and when told it was not expected of them, replied, we are one people, and we are glad to be a part of you. That is the spirit in which they act.

Mr. Michener asked for a collection to be made, and while this was being done he announced that the Rifle Association would meet on Saturday, October 3rd, in the armory, and the patriotic concert would be held on Thursday next. The collection totalled $67.50.

BRITISH NAVY LECTURE.

At the conclusion of the addresses on behalf of the patriotic fund in the armory, the people were invited to attend the lecture on the British navy at the Lyric Theatre, which they did en masse, for inside of fifteen minutes there was not standing room, the Lyric being packed to excess. H. B. Ames, who gave the lecture, lost no time in getting started. He stated that a year ago this month he was in England, and had been shown around the dockyards and given every opportunity of seeing the ships and learning how things were done. He proposed to show how the British navy would appear in action. The first slide depicted Portsmouth harbor and that grand old vessel the "Victory," Nelson's flag ship of 150 years ago. He went on to show illustrations of the progress that had been made in battleships since that time of the smooth bore guns to the present time armaments. In the days of Trafalgar the ships got as close as possible and fired at point blank range. For fifty years after Trafalgar no very great change took place, but in 1868 they commenced to build iron ships, and each year the iron got thicker and thicker until they got too heavy, and a way had to be found to harden steel so that it might be much thinner and answer the same purpose for protection, so that today 6 inches of steel was as much protection as 18 inches of iron was in olden times. At the same time as the improvements were going on the ships, the guns also were being perfected, and we got from the smooth bore into the rifle bore. The wire woven gun was also brought into being, and was 52 feet long, made in five parts, the inner tube being covered with wire. The pictures showing how armor plate was tested were very fine, and it was shown that the 15 inch guns could penetrate any armor that was carried by any ship in the world. The Lord Nelson was shown with a broadside of 8 guns of 9.2 calibre and being able to fire 19 shots in 60 seconds. The picture of the first dreadnought in 1906 was shown with her ten big guns, followed by others of the same class, each one in some way superior to its predecessor. All the improvements were easily seen by the use of the slides. The Iron Duke, the last word in battleships, was shown to be the only one in the world that had a complete deck covering against bombs from above. From the greatest ships in the world, the slides showed each class of ship and its armament down to the little torpedo boat and the submarine, and even the mines, those terrible weapons of destruction. Torpedoes were shown in the act of being fired and resulting explosions. The speed of the ships, their firing distance, their classes, were all shown, and the German ship Goeben chased by the British ship Indefatigable were shown to illustrate the difference of the ship with speed to that of armament which enabled the Goeben to keep out of range of her enemy and make her escape. Ship building of recent years was shown, and the strides Germany had made to overtake England in heavy ships until she had come within nine of the dreadnought class, England having 29 and Germany 20. As many ships had been built in the last 8 years as the 25 years previous. The expenditure in 1913 on ships by Great Britain had been $75,000,000, in addition to $8,000,000 worth bring scrapped. The distribution of the ships throughout the Empire were shown. The number of ships in the first fleet always ready, the second fleet partly ready with nucleus crews, and so on down. Torpedo boats and destroyers to catch them, were shown, and the much talked-of submarine was of unusual interest in view of recent happenings. It was pointed out that they could travel 15 to 20 miles under water, and discharge the terrible Whitehead torpedo from its bows at a distance of two to three thousand yards, each torpedo carrying a charge of 200 pounds of gun cotton in its head that exploded on striking its object. In speaking of the fleets in the Pacific, Mr. Ames said he could not leave that subject without saying how proud New Zealand were to know that they had a representative ship in the North Sea firing real powder and shot. A very interesting picture was one depicting a dreadnought with its watertight compartments. A description of word of war reaching a ship, and what happened as a result, was given, and the pictures of King George, Premier Asquith, Sir Ed. Grey, and Winston Churchill came in for loud applause. The lecture was certainly an eye-opener, and was the most instructive that it has ever been the lot of our citizens to listen to along naval lines, and it is safe to say that the majority know more now about what a naval battle is likely to be than they ever dreamt of before. A lecture of the same class coming here again would tax the armory to hold the people.

As a donation to the Patriotic Fund, the Lyric Theatre and the use of the entire staff was generously given by W. E. Lord. The Citizens' Band also gave their services free for the occasion.

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Pretty warm Bearskin Coats for the little ones in sizes from 1 year to 6 years, all nicely lined, priced at from 2.50 to 6.00. Now selling at 1.50, 2.50 and 3.50.

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T. A. GAETZ

ROSS ST. - RED DEER

AIR OF BELGIUM FOUL WITH DEAD, RUIN AND DECAY

Journalist Describes "Journey of Sorrow" Through Stricken Land

AGED PEASANTS DECK THE TREES

(By Mary Boyle O'Reilly, in Winnipeg Tribune).

The Hague—I am just back from a pilgrimage of that part of Belgium around which the German war machine has ringed its belt of iron. Between Brussels and Liege, Louvain and Vise lies roughly a parallelogram of country about 60 miles long by 30 miles wide. Here were fought, all the early battles of Germany's advance upon France.

Out of this smoke-shadowed district came such stories of sacked villages and slaughtered non-combatants as to horrify mankind—to prove these stories untrue I became a refugee inside the Prussian lines. For some dreadful days I lost myself in the pitious crowds which fled from Tirlemont to Tongres. I had, to save myself at the worst, the pass which the German vice-consul in Holland had given me. In the following I will tell the story of what I saw on that pilgrimage.

SCARS OF ATROCITIES.

West of Tirlemont, where the smoke of burning Herent and Hangarde darkens the sky, stands an ancient church, white flags of peace still hanging from its bombarded belfry.

On the shell-shattered steps lie the dog of Flanders, his Red Cross blanket and first-aid barrel shot to pieces by the invader's bullet. The two are sign and symbol of a Prussian army passing.

The heart of prosperous Hangarde was bombarded because the peasants destroyed the bridge over the village brook. There were neither rifles nor ammunition in either place; probably never had been.

The town of Tirlemont, where small arms were stored in a desperate desire of self-protection, has been badly shot up, but still stands.

In Brussels and the Belgium, where Prussian soldiers are exposed to foreign observation, they conceal their regimental numbers while the officers refuse to give their names. Thus the atrocities are the work of anonymous men.

RECORDS CHALKED ON GUNS.

Within the German cordon such safeguards seem unnecessary. Sacked Tirlemont is filled by dragoons of the 66th, 26th and 34th Regiments of the Line. The Place du Marchi is crowded with machine guns, on whose steel shields are chalked each gun crew's record so far in the war. On the walls of the Thirteenth Century church the Prussian army has pasted posters printed in three languages, giving us the following exact news of the war:

"The English are being driven into the sea."

"The French have retreated to Paris."

"Germany's campaign is all over but collecting the indemnity."

Two refugee women at my shoulder sobbed piteously. A sentry reproved them with blows in the abdomen from the butt of his gun.

Utterly cowed, we turned away. Tirlemont is not Belgian any more, is—reads the Prussian placard—now part of a conquered German province.

HOMELESS, PENNILESS WANDERERS.

The straight, tree-shaded road to Grinde is crowded with homeless wanderers; hundreds of wan-faced women, children whimpering at their skirts; scores of aging men in self-respecting home-spun, a determined little boy carrying his pet kid, a girl clasping her bolt of wedding linen, youths with the essential part of their textile tools strapped to their backs, strong old women staggering under huge jars, dogs tugging at over-laden trucks, a cart with a white flag, a dying child in its father's arms, a paralytic, a blind man—all, all of them homeless, penniless, heart-broken.

Yet in their misery they find pity for sharper sorrow. That delirious woman lying in the wheelbarrow is the sister of the army scout, John Harkin, whom, it is charged, Dragoons buried alive, head downward, and whom Belgian chasseurs discovered and disinterred—too late.

In silence, in terror, we crowd down the once peaceful road, hands raised, passports humbly held before us. Every few yards there is a sentry to be passed, perhaps placated, an over-strained, sullen soldier who commands with a bayonet and argues with a gun butt.

LABORERS WITH LANCE WOUNDS.

In the level fields, golden with wheat, lie wrecked reapers and ruined steam plows—all the simple wealth of the farming community. Broken men with tense faces, many of them wounded by lance thrusts, garner the sugar beet harvest.

The air is foul with the odor of decay, of unburied sheep, poisoned by owners who refused to feed the invader of their free country. All the sign boards were effaced to baffle the incoming enemy.

"We are defeated, but we are not conquered," mutters the brave old man who helps me rope a load.

In Roesbek white flags hang from every house front, here a housewife's embroidered towel, there a lace-edged pillow case. Boing non-combatants, they hope to save their homes. The village is utterly destroyed. In the midst of the ruin is a crater dug by a siege gun—a siege gun brought up to deal with a hamlet of 400 people!

HANGING TO A TREE.

The villagers have disappeared. Only three dead peasants, bayonetted in their doorways, and a few horses killed in the small main street remain. I see men of the 18th German Dragoons, white crosses on their gold starred caps, loot at their leisure.

We refugees speak in whispers, plodding on to poor little Bandersea. From far off we can see that the village has been shelled, its houses levelled by artillery. Near the road two old men hang from a tree, hostages whose lives were taken by the enemy. I passed that tree, but never as long as I live will I be able to erase from memory the dead faces of those two old men.

A frightened child fetches and carries for the sentry, lounging near a culvert, rifle cocked.

"Soon she will be handy as a wife," he howls in high good humor. At home this fellow would hardly be trusted as a swine herd. Here, rifle in hand, his word is law for almost a square mile.

WIGWAM FOR DAY-OLD BABE.

In the roadside ditch the father of a day-old babe has built a wigwam of tent poles and straw. Last week he had a nice pretty Belgian house—a prosperous farmer, the master of flocks and kine.

"Louvendame is utterly destroyed," he says grimly. "Germans fighting west of Mechlin were repulsed by the Belgians. A hundred 30th Lancers of the Rhine fell back here. Some of them, mad with blood, insulted the women of our village. In a dozen houses vials were burst which spread strangling fumes. Then our houses were shot. If you want to see worse go to the chateau below."

The suggestion is good but impracticable. A seemingly endless convoy of guns block the road—siege guns moving toward the east. Fifty drivers flourish taunting whips to chalked inscriptions. We read as they pass:

"Nach (to) Brussels—nach Lille—nach Paris."

SHRINE FOR A TARGET.

While we wait perforce Uhlans off duty amuse themselves by firing at a wayside shrine. Women who have borne catastrophe bravely break down as they watch the wanton shooting of the crucified.

In what was so lately the little town of Corbeek-Loo stands what was a chateau. Both are ruins, for Corbeek-Loo suffered annihilation by artillery. No one knows why, assailants and people having disappeared. Only the patient old Cure remains to tell his story.

"We were merely a village, quite harmless and peaceful," says the Cure. "Our thoughts were of the crops and of God. The war, of which we heard vaguely, seemed far away. Not one of my people ever owned a rifle or ever fired a rifle. My church and the chateau dominated Corbeek-Loo. Baron Ernst lived in the chateau. He is an elderly man, retiring and scholarly. Both of his sons are in the diplomatic service. With him lived his six daughters—ladies of a certain age—all unmarried, the good angels of our village.

"Come, that I show you what these barbarians do to a Belgian home."

SOMETHING DOING IN HERE.

We enter the once stately gates, now shattered by shells. The across-wide formal garden is strewn with fragments of statuary, with broken gramaphone disks, wine glasses, slippers, shattered fans—a hundred womanly trifles.

In the long drawing rooms every family portrait has been slashed from its gilded frame. Every cabinet rifled of its treasures, hundreds of books torn page from page.

Amid piles of broken furniture lie sleeping rugs hacked from old Turkish carpets. Dogs have been kennelled in the Louis XIV. boudoir, the dining room is ankle deep with shattered glass and porcelain, the family chapel has served as a shooting gallery, debris makes the bedrooms impassable.

Heaps of women's delicate clothing is strewn about or strung up for obscenity. In all the stately home no breakable thing is left unbroken, no valuable thing unrifled, no sacred thing unsacrificed.

The chateau is the epitome of wanton, pitiless, disgusting destruction.

"Rich and poor, gentle and simple, we Belgians are paying the price to protect Europe," sighs the Cure.

SOWING THE TARES.

"The Emperor is the enemy sowing tares! If we are to be a conquered province will not all this pitiless devastation make us hateful vassals? If Belgium is to remain independent will not this make us grateful neighbors for a century?"

Heart-sick I walked toward St. Trond, the little town which Kommandantur Billhoefer has "subdued" ruthlessly. The Mobile Stappen is crowded with dragoons from the 80th, 88th and 26th regiments.

In the shadow of the ancient church, "sacred to God and Fatherland," are gathered the seized crops and farm wagons of the district. The town is ringed round with field pieces—guns, crews lying ready. Motor cars filled with soldiers facing four ways, their rifles cocked; dash about incessantly. It is two weeks since the nine hour cavalry battle ended in a Prussian repulse. There is quiet now in St. Trond. It is the peace of Warsaw.

"St. Trond was rebel, was, you understand," boasts the Uhlan commanders.

WHERE ARE MEN?

Today the population is made up of women and children. No one seems to know what has become of the men—no one will ever know, I am afraid.

A mile down the St. Trond road we refugees pause that some may pray. It was right here that five priests were shot dead—all hostages (none of them young), whose lives were forfeit because peasants who had fowling pieces did the Lexington and Concord Act. Just beyond lies the road for Tongres where these peasants made their last stand. The elm trees, felled as a barricade by these citizen sharpshooters, are hardly dead.

In the broad sunlit square of Tongres troopers of the 12th and 52nd Brandenburg regiments haggle over their loot. For Tongres (i.e. a fort), which has been a place of defence since the days of Caesar, resisted invasion and was, for reprisal, given to shell and sack. Today no one may leave his or her house without a military pass; no one may light a candle after nightfall.

In the twilight the shattered streets echo with the agonized sobbing of heart-broken women. The burghers have been driven by Uhlans none save their captors know where.

"Halt!—or I fire!"

It is the last sentinel on the way of sorrow. We stand submissively to show our papers. Beyond, just two miles away, rise the spires of Meastricht in Holland.

HOLLAND AT LAST.

A pearl gray evening mist shrouds the stricken land. Only one little mile now between us and safety. Men and women who have faced death with fortitude walk on blinded by tears.

In the dusk we can see a spectral barrier, a lantern, and the tri-color of Queen Wilhelmina's delightful Holland.

"Stand!—friends or enemies?"

The refugees' voices answer.

Slowly, so slowly that the last sink down exhausted, our sad little company crosses the frontier.

My turn comes finally. The captain of the barrier scans my American passports. His glance meets mine shrewdly.

"You are a journalist," he accuses gravely.

"Enter Holland, but do not remain. Our land, like yours, must be neutral.

"God guard the country where there is no war!"

Ever Travel in a Pullman ?

You'd never imagine that all the ripping, roaring and complex comedy situations that you'll read about in the new serial story we have arranged to print were possible within the confines of an ordinary sleeper.

EXCUSE ME!

That's the title, but there is no excuse for you to miss reading this story by

RUPERT HUGHES
The Well-Known Author

It's a tale that travels at a mile-a-minute gait from beginning to end, with a round of laughter in every chapter. Watch for it!

All Aboard Don't Miss This Serial

Opening Chapters ON PAGE 2 OF THIS ISSUE

PROPER HANDLING OF FRESH EGGS

Consumers Should Demand Strictly Fresh Article

We have frequently had occasion to observe the detrimental influence of dirt and moisture on the keeping qualities of eggs, says a bulletin from Storrs Experimental Station. Of a large number of eggs which were stored in an ordinary refrigerator all were found, after three or four weeks, to be permeated with moulds. In other instances we have found bacteria, under similar conditions. In a crate filled with eggs which had been placed in a damp, dark basement, and which had remained there for several weeks, all of the eggs were in an advanced state of rotting when brought to light and examined. These eggs had come from the same hens the eggs of which had been tested constantly and found, as a rule, to be free from bacteria.

It is a well known fact that eggs which have been incubated under hens, and which failed to hatch, are usually foul. We have observed this again and again, especially during the warm summer months. It is quite probable that the hen which is incubating the eggs is responsible for the rotting, in that the eggs become more or less soiled by her; and, furthermore, the hen imparts a certain amount of moisture to the eggs, especially during warm weather, which aids the bacteria which are on the soiled shell to gain an entrance into the egg. On the other hand, eggs which are incubated artificially remain undecomposed, with very few exceptions, for at least two or three weeks, and undoubtedly much longer, providing they are clean, fresh eggs when they are put into the incubator.

It is of the greatest importance that a general campaign be waged to secure eggs for consumption, and especially when they are to be preserved in cold storage, which are clean and perfectly fresh. The solution of this problem rests with both the producer and the buyer. In the first place, the gathering of eggs from the nests soon after they are laid cannot be urged too strongly. They should be collected at least once a day, and whenever possible two or three times. This is usually done on large plants where trap-nests are used; but on the smaller plants, and especially on regular farms where poultry-raising is but one of many pursuits in the making of a livelihood, there is often no system in the poultry management. Eggs are frequently left in the nests two or three days, and under broody hens. Furthermore, many eggs enter the market which have been under setting hens for several days in so-called "stolen nests."

The movement which is on foot in parts of this country to purchase and pay for eggs according to their quality or soundness, rather than by mere weight or numbers, should meet with hearty support. In many instances this has been done, but the practice should become general. Producers would then be brought face to face with the necessity of keeping nests in sanitary condition, and of gathering eggs soon after they are laid.

The handling and keeping of eggs should also receive much consideration. It is necessary that the eggs be kept clean, dry and reasonably cool. They should be transported under the best conditions of sanitation, and when placed in cold storage the rooms in which they are kept should be dry.

EXPORTS OF WHEAT

Our Neighbor Will Have a Vast Exportable Surplus

During the excitement of the 1911 reciprocity campaign much discussion took place as to whether the United States was still exporting wheat. It was argued by those opposed to reciprocity in Canada that the United States still had a big exportable surplus, the price of which was determined in the world's market at Liverpool, and that, therefore, Canadian wheat would not gain anything in price by entering the United States market. While this particular feature of the controversy was never settled conclusively, it is interesting to note that a recent bulletin issued by the Department of Agriculture at Washington, dealing with the 1914 wheat crop of United States, estimates the exportable surplus of the present crop at over 300,000,000 bushels, which is probably nearly twice as much as the entire wheat crop of the Canadian Northwest, for the present year. The bulletin is as follows:

"Department of Agriculture estimates there will be 300,000,000 bushels of wheat available for export. Normal requirement is 522,539,000 bushels for domestic use plus seed requirements of 77,000,000 bushels or total of 600,000,000. Present indications are that during the coming season domestic consumption will be unusually large on account of takings for livestock purposes, and that exportable surplus will find a good demand abroad."

Just how Canada's 160,000,000 bushels of wheat would secure a high price in the United States in the face of the big export of United States grain is problematical.

Our Men's Store is Well Stocked

WITHOUT ADVANCE IN ANY PRICE

MEN'S CLOTHING

Man is less influenced by sermon than by experience. We might talk forever about the clever style and fine quality of Semi-Ready Clothing, but only the knowledge which results from an investigation can induce you to purchase them. Drop in and let us show you the new fall models and cloths, which we tailor to your individual measure.



Men's Dark Brown Tweed Suits, in a varied assortment of patterns, 3 button sack style, $12.00

Men's Heavy Brown Tweed Suits with stripe, 3 button sack style - - $15.00

Men's Grey Tweed Suit, two button style, long lapels - - - $18.00

Men's Brown Tweed Suits with fine stripe, three button style - $18.00

Men's Norfolk Suits in a large assortment of patterns - - $25.00

"Semi-Ready" OVERCOATS

The best values we have ever seen in Clothing are in the Semi-Ready Overcoats for fall, which were received this week, and are priced at

$16.00 and $18.00

MACKINAW COATS

Fancy Checked Mackinaw Coats are all the rage, and we are in the swim with a fine assortment for you to choose from.

Men's green and black, and red and black check Mackinaw Coats, Norfolk style, $9.00

Men's red and black checked Mackinaw Coats, with belt, assorted sizes, $7.50

MEN'S SWEATER COATS



Are you in line with the crowd, and wearing one of our heavy Shawl Sweater Coats? If not, you should be.

Men's extra heavy Shaker Knit Sweater Coats, with shawl collar, in fawn and maroon, $10.00

Men's heavy Shaker Knit Sweater Coats, with shawl collar, in grey, brown and maroon, $7.50

Men's Heavy Knit Sweater Coats, with shawl collar, in grey, navy, brown and maroon, $5.00

Also a large assortment from $1.85 up

The Monarch Knit. DUNNVILLE, CAN. BUFFALO, N.Y.

Sweater Coats for the Little Tots

in colors of red and white, sizes 18 to 26
Price $1.50

BIG SPECIALS IN MEN'S SHIRTS

5 doz. Men's Light Negligee Shirts with starched cuff, assorted patterns and all sizes, Reg. 1.25 & 1.50, To clear, 75c.
2 doz. Navy Blue Work Shirts, with white spot - - To clear, 50c.
3 doz. Men's Work Shirts, black with white stripe - - To clear, 40c.
5 doz. Men's Dark Work Shirts, reg. 1.00 - - To clear, 75c.

CAP SPECIAL 4 doz. Men's Caps, assorted patterns, in Tweeds and Worsted, all sizes, reg. 75c. to 1.50 - Special 25c.

Infants' Knitted Suits

Infants' Wool Knitted Overall Suits, consisting of combination of stockings and pants, sweater that buttons on shoulder, toque, mitts and sash to match. This outfit in colors of red and brown, sizes 20, 22, 24 and 26.
Prices, $3.00, 3.25 & 3.50

Open Stock Patterns in Dinnerware

This has proven to be by far the most satisfactory way to buy Dinnerware, as you can always replace broken pieces or buy your dinner or tea set by instalments. Open stock means any piece sold separately.

We carry a complete range of five open stock patterns.

White Granite, E. L. & S. or Clover Leaf.
Perfect Buckingham.
Blue Willow in semi-Porcelain ware.
Bridal Rose Patterns in Austrian China.
Perfect Buckingham Pattern Price List

Cups and Saucers, a doz.	2.50	10 inch Platter, each	60c.
5 inch Plates, a doz.	1.50	12 " " "	95c.
6 inch Tea Plates, a doz.	1.90	16 " " "	1.85
7 inch Breakfast Plates	2.25	8 " Scallop	60c.
7 inch Soup Plates	2.25	Vegetable Dish	1.50
8 inch Dinner Plates	2.00	Cream Jug	30c.
Fruit Dishes	1.25	Slop Bowl	25c.
Oatmeals	1.80	Gravy	50c.

THE W. E. LORD CO'Y, LIMITED

THE DAY

(The author of this magnificent poem is Mr. Henry Chappell, a railway porter at Bath. Mr. Chappell is known to his comrades as the "Bath Railway Poet").

You boasted the Day, and you toasted the Day,
And now the Day has come.
Blasphemer, braggart and coward all,
Little you reck of the numbing ball,
The blasting shell, or the "white arm's" fall,
As they speed poor humans home.

You spied for the Day, you lied for the Day,
And wove the Day's red spleen.
Monster, who asked God's aid divine,
Then strewed His seas with the ghastly mine;
Not all the waters of the Rhine
Can wash thy foul hands clean.

You dreamed for the Day, you schemed for the Day;
Watch how the Day will go,
Slayer of age and youth and prime
(Defenceless slain for never a crime)
Thou art steeped in blood as a hog in slime,
False friend and cowardly foe.

You have sown for the Day, you have grown for the Day;
Yours is the harvest red.
Can you hear the groans and the awful cries?
Can you see the heap of slain that lies,
And sightless turned to the flame-split skies
The glassy eyes of the dead?

You have wronged for the Day, you have longed for the day
That lit the awful flame.
'Tis nothing to you that hill and plain
Yield sheaves of dead men amid the grain;
That widows mourn for their loved ones slain,
And mothers curse thy name.

But after the Day there's a price to pay
For the sleepers under the sod,
And He you have mocked for many a day—
Listen, and hear what He has to say:
"Vengeance is mine, I will repay."
What can you say to God?

—London Express.

Churchill Says Collapse of Austria as Military Factor is Irreparable

Striking Interview With First Lord of the Admiralty—Says That German Energy is Fully Expended, and That Situation Exceeds His Most Sanguine Expectations—Always Acted With the Certainty That Italy Would be Neut ral

"We are satisfied that Germany has done her worst and is fully expended. Russia has only just begun."

"We always thought it was impossible for Italy to fight with Austria, or fight against England."

"The greatest feature yet apparent in the course of the war is the collapse of Austria as a military factor. That collapse appears to be irreparable, and that is a tremendous event in the history of the world."

"We are very confident in Great Britain about winning the war. We have made up our minds to win if it costs the last penny and the last man in the British Empire."

"I never expected to see the campaign so well advanced in the first two or three months. I have always been looking to the seventh, eighth, and ninth months to produce the great decision. But the extraordinary gallantry of the French army, the immense power which Russia has so quickly exerted, the pluck and energy of Servia, combined with the great Austrian smash-up, have created at the end of the second month a situation which we might well have been content with at the end of the seventh or eighth month."

—Striking sentences by Winston Churchill, the first lord of the admiralty.

Russians Beginning to Operate in Direction of Pozen and Breslau

First of What is Considered Most Colossal Military Operations Ever Undertaken by a Military Power Almost Completed by Muscovites—By Conquest Army Now Controls Greatest Supply of Gasoline in Europe—Occupation of Galicia Links up Warsaw Railway System, and This is Regarded as Insuring Both Supplies and Reinforcements to the Attacking Army.

LONDON, Sept. 24.—Virtually no new information has reached London this morning concerning the progress of events in the Western war arena, but from the east comes news which here is taken to show that Russia has almost completed the first stage of what may be considered the most colossal operation ever undertaken by a military power.

The fall of the Austrian fortress of Jaroslaw virtually completes the investment of Przemysl, so far as lines of communication are concerned. Even the continued occupation of Cracow by Austrian and German forces has not aided in that junction of Austrian and German armies which is necessary to keep Russia from over-running Galicia and pushing the armies of Austria back to the ridge of the Carpathian mountains. By her conquests in Galicia, Russia now controls the greatest supply of gasoline in Europe. This product is of the utmost importance to Russia because of her necessity for motor transport.

DESCRIBED AS HUGE WEDGE

The Russian movement is now described as a huge wedge, the line extending roughly from Libau, on the Baltic, along the railroad line to Warsaw. The Russian general Rennenkampf is guarding this line. It protects the Russian sources of supplies and prevents any outflanking movement against the Russian army of attack which already, according to news in London, is beginning to operate in the direction of Posen and Breslau, in Germany. The left of this line rests on Warsaw, from which point railroads tap the rich and populous district extending to Odessa. The occupation of Galicia links up the Warsaw railroad system, and is regarded in London as insuring both supplies and reinforcements for the attacking army.

GERMANS HASTILY REINFORCING.

That the stage is virtually set for this attack is indicated by the news that the Germans are hastily reinforcing their line between Thorn and Kalisz, this latter point being southeast of Posen, even to the extent of abandoning their positions against Rennenkampf. Not only have the Russians cut off Austria's domestic supply of gasoline, but the ban on the exportation of coal to Austria reported from Roumania, may be followed, it is held here, by a similar measure with regard to gasoline. This would virtually deprive Austria and her ally of this very necessary motor transport, together with absolute command of her few railroads, which are no longer threatened by invaders. English observers expect Russia to continue to move with that rapidity which has in the past amazed military experts. It has been predicted that on account of her lack of railroad facilities Russia would take six months altogether to get as many men in the field as she has already stationed along the line of this great wedge in two months' time.

CONFIDENCE IS GROWING.

Combined Montenegrin and Servian forces are said today to be in occupation of the entire southeast section of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

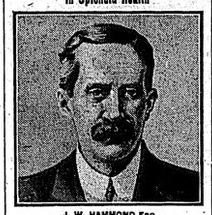
No official confirmation has been received from Russian sources that a Russian cruiser has destroyed a German cruiser and two torpedo boats in the Baltic.

The British public this morning is expressing elation at the feat of British airmen in having dropped bombs on Zeppelin airsheds near Cologne, and confidence is growing that Great Britain is better protected than hitherto believed from an aerial assault by Germany.

In Belgium defenders and invaders hold their positions without change, but many reports are being transmitted to England that the Germans are feverishly entrenching along their line of communications.

WHOLE FAMILY USES THEM

"Fruit-a-tives" Keeps Young And Old In Splendid Health



J. W. HAMMOND Esq.

SCOTLAND, ONT., Aug. 25th. 1913

"Fruit-a-tives" are the only pill manufactured, to my way of thinking. They work completely, no griping whatever, and one is plenty for any ordinary person at a dose. My wife was a martyr to Constipation. We tried everything on the calendar without satisfaction, and spent large sums of money until we happened on "Fruit-a-tives". I cannot say too much in their favor.

We have used them in the family for about two years and we would not use anything else as long as we can get "Fruit-a-tives".

Their action is mild, and no distress at all. I have recommended them to many other people, and our whole family uses them".

J. W. HAMMOND.

Those who have been cured by "Fruit-a-tives" are proud and happy to tell a sick or ailing friend about these wonderful tablets made from fruit juices.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

German Cruiser and Two Torpedo Boats Are Sunk

This is Reported to Be Effective Work of Russian Ship in Baltic

LONDON, Sept. 23.—According to a message from Paris to the Central News a Russian cruiser has sunk a German cruiser and two torpedo boats in the Baltic.

A Paris despatch to the Central News credits the sinking of a German cruiser and two torpedo boats in the Baltic to the Russian cruiser Bayan.

The Bayan is an armored cruiser of 7,867 tons, built in St. Petersburg in 1910. Her armament consists of two 8-inch guns, eight 6-inch, twenty 12-pounders, four six-pounders and a number of smaller guns. She had a speed of 21 knots and was equipped with two submerged torpedo tubes.

German War Loan Grows

Rotterdam, Sept. 22.— Germans state that the subscription to their war loan amounts now to £350,000,000. A private message from Berlin says the Krupps have taken up £2,500,000 and the Westphalian manufacturers about £2,400,000.

The sum, it is claimed, has been obtained by a press campaign, advertising German victories and suggesting to the people that after the war Germany will get any amount of money from the allies, which will enable them to pay a big bonus on war loan stock.

British Cruisers Sunk

London, Sept. 23.—The swift and silent destruction of three big cruisers which cost $12,000,000 has brought home the risks of modern naval warfare. The unseen enemy crept upon the Aboukir, then the Hogue and then the Cressy, and one after another the cruisers keeled over and sank. The whole affair was over in 20 minutes.

The survivors, who have been brought to Dutch and British ports, declare there were three German submarines in the attacking force, some say five, and that the cruiser Cressy, or the Lowestoft accounted for two of them. The admiralty, however, does not yet confirm the statement that any of the German craft were destroyed and it is possible that none were ever seen.

The experts say that a submarine might easily slip from Emden, on the upper mouth of the channel, and attack any British ship it happened to meet, and return home.

NONE ARE DISMAYED.

Neither the navy nor the nation, as their feeling is voiced in the newspapers, is dismayed, and the call on the admiralty is for more aggressive action, although the alternative is presented of sealing the Germans up in their harbors with mines if their strategy of keeping their big ships at home and making raids with submarines proves consistently effective.

The British public finds some compensation for this naval loss in the statement of the admiralty last night that the command of the sea had resulted in the maintenance of ocean traffic by 4000 merchantmen, with the loss of only 12 by capture since the beginning of the war.

GERMAN SUBMARINES AVOID LOOKOUT.

London, Sept. 23.—The Chronicle's naval correspondent says:

"The loss of three armed cruisers is a disaster the meaning of which it would be foolish to minimize. The vessels were not new. They were even obsolescent, but they were still valuable. Wherever the disaster took place, danger was not foreseen. The enemy's submarines were not perceived by any lookout before they attacked. The conclusion, therefore, cannot be escaped, that a new element in naval warfare has proved its value and that we are appreciably nearer to the day foretold by Sir Percy Scott, in which the big ship is doomed. Are we to conclude that big ships like the Aboukir, or, let us say, the latest battle cruisers, are at the mercy of the submarine, as vessels under way cannot carry torpedo nets outrigged. Their safety seems to lie in vigilant observation, not by themselves, but by accompanying small craft, but still more in rapid movement, and in altering their course so as to make it impossible for a submergible assailant to determine their position. No submarine below the surface has anything like the speed of a cruiser. It must lie in wait or have very good luck."

287 SURVIVORS LAND.

Ymuiden, Holland, Sept. 23, via London.—This little seaport town is all agog with excitement over the landing here of 287 survivors from the British cruisers sunk in the North Sea by German submarines. The men were brought here by the Dutch steamer Flora, which happened to be in the vicinity when disaster overtook the British warships.

The streets were crowded in the vicinity of the hotels where the survivors are staying, and around the hospital, where 200 wounded survivors are being cared for by the Dutch Red Cross.

From the outside of one of the hotels the crowds could see a number of the British sailors enjoying a generous meal at a long table. They were dressed in all manner of clothing, mostly from the little store possessed by Dutch sailors of the rescuing boat. The Englishmen were evidently in the best of spirits. The crews of all three sunken warships were composed largely of naval reserves.

The Aboukir was the first ship to be struck. About 6 o'clock in the morning she received three torpedoes and the explosion of terrific force blew out a big section of the bottom at the bow, capsizing the ship. The crew had no time to launch lifeboats and tried to save themselves by jumping into the water. The boat was out of sight beneath the waves within three or four minutes after the explosion.

HOGUE LYING NEAR.

The cruiser Hogue, which was near by, heard the explosion and realized the danger at once, although at first those aboard her believed their sister cruiser had struck a mine. The Hogue immediately launched lifeboats and began to save the swimming survivors, but while this was going on the Hogue herself was torpedoed, apparently in an exactly similar manner.

The Hogue sank in a few minutes, but the greater part of her crew were saved in their own boats.

The cruiser Cressy at this point discovered the presence of two German submarines on the way to attack her and began shelling them with heavy projectiles. The Cressy's marksmanship was excellent and both submarines were demolished, according to survivors. This statement, however, is not confirmed from official sources. Meanwhile from the other side the Cressy herself was torpedoed in two places and sank immediately. When the attack occurred the cruisers were steaming in a line ahead, three miles apart.

No other ships were in sight at the opening of the attack, but the Dutch steamer Flora came in view on the horizon just after the Hogue sank. The captain of the Flora saw only the Cressy and was about to steam on his way when he saw the Cressy keel over suddenly and go down. He immediately steamed towards the scene and lowered his boats. It was then, for the first time, that he understood that three cruisers in all had been sunk. He picked up many sailors clinging to spars and pieces of wood. Among the survivors is the captain of the Hogue. The captain of the Flora says that several English sailing boats are coming to Ymuiden with more survivors.

From the conflicting accounts given by the survivors here it seems that there were three German submarines in the attacking party. All hands agree that the Cressy was bravely firing her guns as she sank at two of the German submarines, and these are reported to have been sent to the bottom. As the Flora was getting ready to steam away with the rescued sailors some British destroyers appeared in sight.

The sailors, far from being discouraged, expressed their conviction that Admiral Jellicoe will now teach the Germans a lesson.

A special word of praise is due to Capt. Voorharn, of the Flora, who, with only 18 men in his crew, carried out the work of rescue with the greatest skill. Owing to the roughness of the sea, the task of taking on board men stiff with the cold was extremely difficult and many of them had to be handed up by means of ropes. The Dutch crew attended to their wants with the greatest kindness and gave them clothes freely from their meagre store.

It is understood the British sailors will leave tomorrow for a place where they must remain for the duration of the war.

BIG SUMS HOARDED IN WINNIPEG VAULTS

Many Safty Deposit Drawers Are Rented in Winnipeg—Large Amounts Are Withdrawn.

There are more safety deposit vaults rented in Winnipeg at the present time than at any previous time in its history, and there is more gold in them than at any previous time. "Were you ever in a war," said one of these exceptional depositors in his own defence yesterday, when interrogated regarding his action. "I have been in two," he added. Said a manager of one of the large companies operating safety deposit vaults. "We have leased more of these drawers than we ever expected to lease in 5 years. We have sought by every means to persuade customers of the foolishness of depositing gold. There is a portion of the public, however, who are determined to get specie and to hoard it and they come to us. It is out of the question that Winnipeg will ever be directly affected by the war, but the fear engendered by it leads men to these actions. I would call your attention to the following clipping from an eastern financial paper.

"He who hoards money aids the enemy. He who saves money, but keeps it where it can be active for the good of Canada, aids both himself and Canada. But he who spends money moderately and wisely, and on such things as give employment to Canadian labor, is the man who will be the salvation of the country in a critical time."

SOAP MAKERS' PROSPECTS

Manufacturers of soap who are in business on a large scale could make more money at the present time by selling their raw material than by selling their finished product at the present prices. An examination of the quotations on the ingredients used in these plants demonstrates this fact. Soap makers cannot take advantage of this state of affairs owing to the fact that they must keep on their regular business. It would obviously be impossible for them to suspend operations for some months or even a year and then attempt to resume when customers had made arrangements to buy elsewhere. The natural thing for soap makers to do under the circumstances would be to increase the selling price of the finished product. This has not yet been done and it is said that there will be no increase in prices this year. If the new raw material has to be bought at enhanced figures there will no doubt be changes in the list prices of the selling agency. An inquiry at the Royal Crown Soap Co. offices yesterday elicited a statement to the effect that the situation as here set forth was substantially correct.

EXCHANGE

Gold by the ton is being shipped from New York to Ottawa and as a result the conditions of exchange are steadily improving. Bankers state that drafts on New York will soon be available at par. Exchange with London is also rapidly improving and may be down to normal within a very short time. The alarm and panicky feeling which existed in August has passed away so far as western Canada is concerned.



English Boy Scouts guarding the Andover Tunnel of the Midland and Southwestern Railroad

What Alberta Women Can Do For The Soldier Boys

The women of Alberta, in common with women all over the Dominion, can render valuable practical assistance to the soldiers who have so willingly volunteered for active service and are now on their way to the front, by furnishing the army medical corps with the following articles:

For ward use: Pillow cases, towels, table cloths, medicine cloths, utensil cloths, roller towels, fermentation wringers, hot water bottle covers, bandages of all descriptions, mug covers, knitted jackets.

For patients' use: Calico shirts, socks, handkerchiefs, dressing gowns, slippers, shirts of flannel for helpless cases, flannel jackets, bed socks, pyjamas, flannel underwear, abdominal binders, knitted.

These lists have been supplied by the Canadian Relief Committee, formed at a meeting held recently at Government House, Ottawa, when the three leading Hospital Aid Societies of Canada passed the following resolution:

"That this meeting recommends that all three organizations, viz., the Canadian Red Cross Society, the St. John's Ambulance Association, and the St. John's Ambulance Brigade co-operate in the formation of voluntary aid detachments, male and female, throughout Canada, and especially so far as the women of Canada are concerned, to make such articles for the use of the troops in the field as laid down in the scheme of voluntary medical aid in Canada."

A shipment of articles such as those named above will be made from Edmonton to the central committee at Ottawa within the next few weeks, and all societies or individuals desiring to co-operate by contributing some of their own work, should communicate at once with the Provincial Secretary, St. John's Ambulance Association, M. W. Harlow, University of Alberta.

Alberta Fairs, 1914

Irvine—Oct. 1.
Priddis and Millarville—Oct. 3.
Gadsby—Oct. 6.
Ponoka—Oct. 7-8.
Provost—Oct. 8.
Grassy Lake—Oct. 6-7.
Lloydminster—Oct. 2.
Warner—Oct. 1-2.

ROOMS TO RENT.

Several nice rooms to rent in the News Block. Apply at News Office.

ROOM AND BOARD.

Room and meals for two young men. Phone, piano, and every home privilege. Apply MRS. CASSELLS, 156, Ross Street East.
Sept. 23, 3w.

Everything for the Horse

HARNESS
HORSE SHEETS
BLANKETS
RUGS
WHIPS
SADDLE
SPURS
QUIRTS
CUFFS, Etc.

NEVISON
The HARNESS MAKER
Phone 190 19 Ross St.

THE BULL-DOG STRAIN

THE bull-dog is typical of the British race ---men fearless in attack, grim and determined, tenacious, invincible. We in Canada are proud of the bull-dog strain in us---that quality of blood and heart that makes up dauntless and masterful. The bull-dog strain shows in us and others in times of peril and menace.

Everywhere in Canada manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers of the bull-dog breed are answering the challenges of war---the challenges of trade disturbance and business opportunity. The indentity of some of these valiant-hearted merchants and manufacturers is revealed in the advertising columns of this and other newspapers, for advertising are expressions of courage, tenacity, and mastery.

Bull-dog blood shows itself and its quality in fighting

IMPERIAL BANK of CANADA
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

Capital authorized	$10,000,000
Capital paid up	7,000,000
Reserve Fund	7,000,000
Total Assets over	78,000,000

This Bank with branches throughout the Dominion of Canada, and agents and correspondents throughout the world, offers excellent facilities for the transaction of every description of banking business

Title Deeds, Mortgages, etc., held for safe keeping for customers without charge.

Savings Bank Department—Deposits of $1 and upwards received and interest allowed from date of deposit

Red Deer Branch W. K. WICKENS, Manager

RED DEER IRON WORKS.
Morrison Street, - Telephone 169.
haft turning, Wheelboring and Pipes screw cut to any size and number of threads by machinery.
Repairs to all kinds of machinery promptly executed. The works are fitted throughout by most modern new machinery driven by Electric Motor.
J. W. BROUGHTON,
Engineer, Millwright, Machinist

The Mechanical Garage Company
2nd STREET, S. E.
Service Guaranteed. Auto Supplies in Stock. Tire Vulcanizing
We do repairs on all makes of Autos and Farm Gasoline Engines.
GASOLINE FOR SALE
Agents McLaughlin Automobiles

You Can Get Quantity Anywhere!
BUT IF YOU WANT
QUALITY
YOU MUST COME TO US!
PURE PASTEURIZED MILK AND CREAM,
FRESH BUTTER
at the
RED DEER CREAMERY, PHONE 67

P. E. KENT & Co'y,
P. O. BOX 314 - NORTH RED DEER
Licensed Painters and Decorators for the City
EVERY DOLLAR SAVED IS ONE EARNED
and it will pay you to consult us before deciding on your Midsummer and Autumn Decorations.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
Painters, Decorators and Carriage Painters

MOTHERS
Give your Children
Hamilton's All Cream Ice Cream
IT IS PURE
Hamilton's Bakery
Phone 15 Gaetz Avenue N.

(Continued from Page 2)

out the lieutenant bought his soul for a small price, and overlooked the fact that he did not ring up their fares.

The young couple squeezed into a seat and talked anxiously in sharp whispers.

"Wouldn't it be terrible, Harry, if, just as we got to the minister's, we should find papa there ahead of us, waiting to forbid the banns, or whatever it is? Wouldn't it be just terrible?"

"Yes, it would, honey, but it doesn't seem probable. There are thousands of ministers in Chicago. He could never find ours. Fact is, I doubt if we find him ourselves."

Her clutch tightened till he would have winced, if he had not been a soldier.

"What do you mean, Harry?"

"Well, in the first place, honey, look what time it is. Hardly more than time to get the train, to say nothing of hunting for that preacher and standing up through a long rigmarole."

"Why, Harry Mallory, are you getting ready to jilt me?"

"Indeed I'm not—not for worlds, honey, but I've got to get that train, haven't I?"

"Couldn't you wait over one train—just one tiny little train?"

"My own, own honey love, you know it's impossible! You must remember that I've already waited over three trains while you tried to make up your mind."

"And you must remember, darling, that it's no easy matter for a girl to decide to sneak away from home and be married secretly, and go all the way out to that hideous Manila with no trousseau and no wedding presents and no anything."

"I know it isn't, and I waited patiently while you got up the courage. But now there are no more trains. I shudder to think of this train being late. We're due in San Francisco till Thursday evening, and my transport sails at sunrise Friday morning. Oh, Lord, what if I should miss that transport! What if I should!"

"What if we should miss the minister?"

"It begins to look a great deal like it."

"But, Harry, you wouldn't desert me now—abandon me to my fate?"

"Well, it isn't exactly like abandonment, seeing that you could go home to your father and mother in a taxicab."

She stared at him in horror.

"So you don't want me for your wife! You've changed your mind! You're tired of me already! Only an hour together, and you're sick of your bargain! You're anxious to get rid of me! You—"

"Oh, honey, I want you more than anything else on earth, but I'm a soldier, dearie, a mere lieutenant in the regular army, and I'm the slave of the government. I've gone through West Point, and they won't let me resign respectably and if I did, we'd starve. They wouldn't accept my resignation, but they'd be willing to courtmartial me and dismiss me from the service in disgrace. Then you wouldn't want to marry me—and I shouldn't have any way of supporting you if you did. I only know one trade, and that's soldiering."

"Don't call it a trade, beloved, it's the noblest profession in all the world, and you're the noblest soldier that ever was, and in a year or two you'll be the biggest general in the army."

He could not afford to shatter such a devout illusion or quench the light of faith in those beloved and loving eyes. He tacitly admitted his ability to be promoted commander-in-chief in a year or two. He allowed that glittering possibility to remain, used it as a basis for argument.

"Then, dearest, you must help me to do my duty."

She clasped his upper arm as if it were an altar and she an Iphigenia about to be sacrificed to save the army. And she murmured with utter heroism:

"I will! Do what you like with me!"

He squeezed her hand between his biceps and his ribs and accepted the offering in a look drenched with gratitude. Then he said, matter-of-factly:

"We'll see how much time we have when we get to—whatever the name of that street is."

The car jolted and wailed on its way like an old drifting rocking chair. The motorman was in no hurry. The passengers seemed to have no occasion for haste. Somebody got on or got off at almost every corner, and paused for conversation while the car waited patiently. But eventually the conductor put his head in and drawled:

"Hey! Here's where you get off at."

They hastened to debark and found themselves in a narrow, gaudily-lighted region where they saw a lordly transfer-distributor, a profound scholar in Chicago streets. He informed them that the minister's street lay far back along the path they had come; they should have taken a car in the opposite direction, transferred at some remote center, descended at some unheard-of street, walked three blocks one way and four another, and there they would have been.

Mallory looked at his watch, and Marjorie's hopes dropped like a wrecked aeroplane, for he grimly asked how long it would take them to reach the railroad station.

"Well, you'd ought to make it in forty minutes," the transfer agent said—and added, cynically, "if the car makes schedule."

"Good Lord, the train starts in twenty minutes!"

"Well, I tell you—take this here green car to Wexford avenoo—there's usually a taxicab or two standin' there."

"Thank you. Hop on, Marjorie."

Marjorie hopped on, and they sat down, Mallory with eyes and thoughts on nothing but the watch he kept in his hand.

During this tense journey the girl perfected her soul with graceful martyrdom.

"I'll go to the train with you, Harry, and then you can send me home in a taxicab."

Her nether lip trembled and her eyes were filmed, but they were brave, and her voice was so tender that it wooed his mind from his watch. He gazed at her, and found her so dear, so devoted and so pitifully exquisite, that he was almost overcome by an impulse to gather her into his arms there and then, indifferent to the immediate passengers or to his far-off military superiors. An hour ago they were young lovers in all the lilt and thrill of elopement. She had clung to him in the gloaming of their taxicab, as it sped like a genie at their whim to the place where the minister would unite their hands and raise his own in blessing. Thence the new husband would have carried the new wife away, his very own, soul and body, duty and beauty. Then, ah, then in their minds the future was an unwaning honeymoon, the journey across the continent, a stroll along a lover's lane, the Pacific ocean a garden lake, and the Philippines a chain of Fortunate Isles decreed especially for their Eden. And then the taxicab encountered a lamppost. They thought they had merely wrecked a motor car—and lo, they had wrecked a Paradise.

The railroad ceased to be a lover's lane and became a lingering torment; the ocean was a weltering Sahara, and the Philippines a Dry Tortugas of exile.

Mallory realized for the first time what heavy burdens he had taken on with his shoulder straps; what a dismal life of restrictions and hardships an officer's life is bound to be. It was hard to obey the soulless machinery of discipline, to be a brass-buttoned slave. He felt all the hot, quick resentment that turns a faithful soldier into a deserter. But it takes time to evolve a deserter, and Mallory had only twenty minutes. The handcuffs and legirons of discipline hobbled him. He was only a little cog in a great clock, and the other wheels were impinging on him and revolving in spite of himself.

In the close-packed seats where they were jostled and stared at, the soldier could not even attempt to explain to his fascinated bride the war of motives in his breast. He could not voice the passionate rebellion her beauty had whipped up in his soul. Perhaps if Romeo and Juliet had been forced to say farewell on a Chicago street car instead of a Veronese balcony, their language would have lacked savor, too.

Perhaps young Mr. Montague and young Miss Capulet, instead of wailing, "No, that is not the lark whose notes do beat the vaulty heaven so high above our heads," would have done no better than Mr. Mallory and Miss Newton. In any case, the best these two could squeeze out was:

"It's just too bad, honey."

"But I guess it can't be helped, dear."

"It's a mean old world, isn't it?"

"Awful!"

And then they must pile out into the street again so lost in woe that they did not know how they were trampled or elbowed. Marjorie's despair was so complete that it paralyzed instinct. She forgot Snozzleums! A thoughtful passenger ran out and tossed the basket into Mallory's arms even as the car moved off.

Fortune relented a moment and they found a taxicab waiting where they had expected to find it. Once more they were cosy in the flying twilight, but their grief was their only baggage, and the clasp of their hands chilled all the talk there was.

Anxiety within anxiety tormented them and they feared another wreck. But as they swooped down upon the station, a kind-faced tower clock beamed the reassurance that they had three minutes to spare.

The taxicab drew up and halted, but they did not get out. They were kissing good-byes, fervidly and numerously, while a grinning station-porter winked at the winking chauffeur.

Marjorie simply could not have done with farewells.

"I'll go to the gate with you," she said.

He told the chauffeur to wait and take the young lady home. The lieutenant looked so honest and the girl so sad that the chauffeur simply touched his cap, though it was not his custom to allow strange fares to vanish into crowded stations, leaving behind nothing more negotiable than instructions to wait.

CHAPTER IV.

A Mouse and a Mountain.

All the while the foiled elopers were eloping, the San Francisco sleeper was filling up. It had been the receptacle of assorted lots of humanity tumbling into it from all directions, with all sorts of souls, bodies and destinations.

The porter received each with that expert eye of his. His car was his laboratory. A railroad journey is a sort of test-tube of character; strange elements meet under strange conditions and make strange combinations. The porter could never foresee the ingredients of any trip, nor their actions and reactions.

He had no sooner established Mr. Wedgewood of London and Mr. Ira Lathrop of Chicago, in comparative repose, than his car was invaded by a woman who flung herself into the first seat. She was flushed with running, and breathing hard, but she managed one gasp of relief:

"Thank goodness, I made it in time."

The mere sound of a woman's voice in the seat back of him was enough

(Continued next week)

DONATES 3,500 BARRELS OF FLOUR TO PATRIOTIC FUND.

Calgary, Alta., Sept. 26.—Robin Hood Mills, Limited, donates 2,000 sacks of flour, and Alberta Grain company 5,000 sacks of flour to the patriotic fund. Total, 3,500 barrels, valued approximately at $28,000. Robin Hood is a United States concern, and got none of the Dominion's big orders.

POCKETBOOK LOST.

Lost, on Sunday last, between Red Deer and Penhold, a pocketbook, containing papers and between $30 and $35. Suitable reward offered to finder. Apply News Office, Red Deer. Sept. 23, 1w.

NEW C. P. R. SHIP SAILS IN OCTOBER

Missanabie Last Word in Construction for Carrying Passengers and Cargo

When the twin-screw steamer Missanabie, launched in June from the yards of Messrs. Barclay, Curle & Co., Ltd., of Whiteinch, sails October 7th from Liverpool for Montreal, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company will have added to its fleet of steamers one that is the last word in ocean vessels from the standpoint of comfort and convenience for passengers, and strength and stability for navigation and capacity and appliances for cargo. The new vessel is 520 feet long, 64 feet broad and 41 feet deep. It has a gross tonnage of 13,000 tons, a displacement of 18,000 tons, and a cargo capacity of 400,000 cubic feet. Below the level of the main deck the space is devoted to general cargo, three of the lower tweendecks being fitted for the carriage of refrigerated merchandise. From the main deck upwards through no less than six separate decks the entire space is devoted to passengers. There is room for 520 cabin passengers berthed in large, airy rooms and for 1,200 third-class passengers all in large rooms. Counting in the crew of 300, the vessel will therefore be fitted to carry 2,020, or as much as the population of a small town.

Although a one-cabin boat, every effort has been made to make its appointments second to none, and the dining-room, smoking room, card-room, drawing-room, lounge, cafe, gymnasium and other features of the most modern vessels are furnished and decorated in accordance with plans of the best British architects and furnishers. The decoration is of the Georgian period. The hospitals and the culinary departments are commodious and admirably designed for the work intended for each.

NO COLLAPSIBLE LIFEBOATS.

The decks are expected to provide one of the chief features of the vessel, the promenade, recreation and other decks being designed so as to provide shelter, amusement, exercise or not, according to the caprice of the passenger. The boat-deck is entirely set aside for the storage and working of boats, thirty-two boats, including a motor life-boat, being carried. The launching arrangements, embodying as they do devices to meet contingencies not anticipated until disasters of recent years, are as complete as human ingenuity can provide. Chief among these is a mechanical contrivance which allows the boats to be launched though the vessel might have a considerable list. Patent davits are fitted, which, in conjunction with a tramway, render it possible to launch the lifeboats from either side of the ship. There are no collapsible life-boats on board, all being rigid, open lifeboats, and amply sufficient for crew and passengers.

There is a new departure as well in the system of providing heat and fresh air for every part of the vessel.

The electric lighting system provides for 1,300 lights, and the power supply operates fans, elevators, barbers' equipment, printing, submarine signalling and galley outfit. All watertight bulkhead doors are electrically operated and can be closed simultaneously from the bridge. The vessel is fitted with the now well known cruiser stern which builders claim gives increased capacity, speed and deck area. It is so divided by watertight decks and bulkheads that she is capable of floating in a seaway with any three compartments open to the sea. There are twin sets of quadruple expansion engines and steam is supplied by eight single-ended boilers at a working pressure of 215 pounds which will give a sea speed of 16 knots an hour on service.

The Missanabie will arrive in Montreal on October 14th or 15th, and leave again from Montreal for Liverpool on October 22nd.

DARING RAID OF BRITISH AIRMEN IS SUCCESSFUL

In Misty Weather Squadron of Five Aeroplanes Dropped Bombs,

LONDON, Sept. 24.—Two squadrons of British naval airmen made a daring raid yesterday from Belgium against the German Zoppelin airship bases at Dusseldorf and Cologne. The attack upon Dusseldorf was officially reported as having been successful. Lieut. C. H. Collet dropped three bombs there on a Zeppelin shed, sweeping down to within 400 feet of his target.

The attack on Cologne apparently failed of its object, as the official announcement fails to mention it. An Antwerp paper, however, says four bombs fell on the Zeppelin camp at Pikerdorf and set fire to the hangars.

The squadrons making the raid are believed to have consisted of five aeroplanes, with a navigator and an assistant in every machine. The expedition started from an unmentioned base. The weather was misty, which assisted in the secrecy of its approach to the intended scenes of operation. It is thought in some circles that the weather conditions may have caused a hitch in the schedule of the aeroplanes and that it is possible that the two bombs which were dropped on the Dutch town of Maastricht, near the German border, Tuesday, from a mysterious air craft, may have come from the British fliers. Fortunately no fatalities resulted from the explosions in Maastricht.

Told By Men in The Fighting Lines

FEAR OF "BRIGHT BITS OF STEEL."

From "somewhere in France" Private P. McGlade writes to his mother in Ireland. In his letter he says:

"I got your letter with the Freeman, and the report of Johnny Redmond's great speech in the Parliament House why Irishmen should stand up for little Belgium, and it's glad we were to hear the fine words when Paddy Bryne read it out for 'A' company in camp.

. . . We were all beat up after four days of the hardest soldiering you ever dreamt of . . I am glad to say we accounted for our share of the German trash, who are a poor lot when it comes to a good square ruction in the open.

"We tried hard to get at them many's a time, but they never would wait for us when they saw the bright bits of steel and the business end of our rifles.

"Some of them squeal like pigs on killing day when they see the steel ready.

"Some of our finest lads are now sleeping their last sleep in Belgium, but, mother dear, you can take your son's word for it that for every son of Ireland that will never come back there are at least three Germans who will never be heard of again."

REVENGE FOR THE IRISH.

In a letter to his mother, Private A. McGillivray, a Highlander, says:

"Of my company only ten were unhurt. I saw a handful of Irishmen throw themselves in front of a regiment of cavalry who were trying to cut off a battery of horse artillery. It was one of the finest deeds I ever saw. Not one of the poor lads got away, but they made the German devils pay in kind, and, anyhow, the artillery got away to account for many more Germans. Every man of us made a vow to avenge the fallen Irishmen, and if the German cavalrymen concerned were made the targets of every British rifleman and gunner they had themselves to thank. Later they were fully avenged by their own comrades, who lay in wait for the German cavalrymen. The Irish lads went at them with the bayonet when they least expected it, and the Germans were a sorry sight."

"ALL HELL LET LOOSE."

Writing home to one of his friends, Trooper S. Cargill says:

"The Germans let all hell loose on us in their mad attempt to crush us and so win their way to Paris. They didn't succeed, and won't succeed. I saw one ghastly affair. A German cavalry division was pursuing our retiring infantry when we let loose on them. When they saw us coming they turned and fled, at least all but one, who came rushing at us with his lance at the charge. I caught hold of his horse, which was half mad with terror, and my chum was just about to run the rider through when we noticed the awful glaze in his eyes and we saw that the poor devil was dead."

TRIBUTE TO FRENCH WOMEN.

Rifleman Cedric Fischer, evidently British to the core, despite his German name, writes:

"The French women seem to think that the best cure for shrapnel or bullet wound was a bottle of wine and a raw egg. On the Wednesday fight the women brought hot potatoes and new bread right into the trenches and firing line. I can assure you they are the bravest women I have ever met."

Private R. Coombe says in a letter:

"A woman said laughingly to me, 'If you kill the Kaiser you shall have my daughter.' I replied that I could do that all right and she could have a hair of his moustache." While F. Dennison, R.A.M.C., declares "If singing could wipe the Germans out they would be dead by now."

LETTERS FROM SAILORS

Ted—(H.M.S.——, destroyer):—"Our greatest danger lies at night time. It requires everybody to be on the top line and have his eyes strained through inky darkness to try and detect a vessel without lights. You cannot be too careful. We are allowed to lie down, fully dressed by our guns, with one of the gun's crew on the look-out. We are all a jolly, happy crowd, and to be among us you would not fancy we were at war, although there are lyddite shells and quick-firing cartridges by you everywhere."

J. Hall, (H.M.S.——, destroyer):—"We've had no luck. Our sister ship has been luckier. She actually caught sight of the German battleship, but you can always bet on Herr What's-his-name getting out of the way when there's fighting in view."

W. Bishop, engaged with the fleet, writes to his brother and sister in London as follows:

"If only those dammed Germans would come out of the Kiel Canal we would soon make sausages of their navy. What a strain for the lads lying in wait. My boy Bill is in amongst them, like father like son, never content unless he his in the thick of it."

A bright London tar, the son of a Mrs. Field, writes:

"Don't worry, dear mother. I shall have a medal yet, and perhaps a wooden leg."

BIG BRITISH FLEET READY TO CONVOY TROOPS

VALCARTIER CAMP, Sept. 23.—Admiral Wemyss, commander of a British North Atlantic fleet, visited the camp today and conferred with the minister of militia with reference to convoy for the troop ships that will carry the Canadian expeditionary force to England. The admiral came from Halifax this morning and returned there tonight.

It was said today that a British fleet consisting of 20 ships is ready and the route to England is clear. There is no possible danger of interference by German cruisers, it was said. Any of the enemy's ships that may be in the Atlantic are bottled up along the seaboard.

The big guns of the artillery roared during the afternoon while shells were being tested on the mountainside. The field artillery carried out a tactical scheme with great success. Over a hundred volunteer nurses arrived in camp today, coming from all parts of Canada.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

TEACHER WANTED.

In the Red Deer Inspectorate, to act as District Editor for the Alberta School Journal. Duties, to write local notes each month, receive subscriptions, advertisements, etc. Liberal payment on accepted matter, which, with commissions on subscriptions, etc., should average $10 to $30 per month. Must invest $100 in stock of company now forming to take over present business, which shows profits on past earnings sufficient to pay 15 per cent. dividend. As only one appointment will be made in each inspectorate, this is an unusual opportunity for a teacher to augment present salary. Apply at once to Editor, Alberta School Journal, Strathcona. Sept. 16.

HORSES FOR SALE.

Some fine young geldings and fillies for sale, broken and unbroken; also some half bred Hackney drivers, well broken, not afraid of autos, plenty of go in them, and will be sold reasonable. Apply to J. J. RICHARDS & SONS. Red Deer, Jan. 29, 1913.

WANTED.

To rent or lease, five acres of good land near town, for number of years.—W. J. MAY, Red Deer. Sept. 23, 2w1.

TOOLS FOUND.

A kit of tools belonging to a motor cycle, about two miles north of city. Owner can have same by applying at News Office. Sept. 23.

FOR SALE.

Ford runabout in first class condition. $300.00. Apply Box 442, Red Deer. Sept. 2.

BARGAIN.

For $50.00 cash, and balance, $100.00, on easy terms, Lot 30, Block 20, College View, Red Deer.—W. CALLY, 854 View St., Victoria, British Columbia. Sept. 16, 3w1.

PIANO FOR SALE.

Almost new. For quick sale, $215. Apply CHAS. MILLS, Michener Hill. Sept. 23, 2w1.

"Canada's Only Mutual" in Red Deer!
THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA
A company composed solely of Policy-holders
A company conducted solely by Policy-holders
A company maintained solely for Policy-holders
Has opened an office in Red Deer, having appointed as their General Agent,
Mr. JOHN BAILE
If you are interested in the vital question of Life Insurance, drop Mr. Baile a card for information.

BIRTHS

At Red Deer, Tuesday, September 22nd, to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McPherson, a daughter.

At Red Deer, Saturday, September 26th, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Gillies, a son.

An End In View

The parent who seek the lifelong welfare of her children will not neglect their eyes. Eye strain in a child's eyes is as serious as in a grown person's eyes. If you seek your child's best good see to it that his eyes are in perfect condition, and that glasses are not necessary.

H. H. HUMBER
Graduate of Chicago Opthalmic College
Jeweler, Watchmaker and Optician

Best Prices Given For Good Quality

BUTTER
EGGS
POULTRY

McDowall & Sons
Municipal Market, Calgary
[Oldest Established Firm in the Market]

If it is a sweater coat you need, you will find exactly what you want at your own price at Fulton's.

MRS. MAINWARING

Dressmaking and plain sewing of every description. Gentlemen's underwear and socks neatly mended. Terms moderate. Room 8, Model Rooming House, 3rd St.
Red Deer, Sept. 25, 3w1.

AUTO FOR SALE.

Five-passenger auto in A1 condition. Will sell cheap to quick purchaser, or will trade for a good driving team with democrat. Apply News Office. Sept. 30, 1w1.

PACK SADDLES FOR SALE.

Twenty good pack saddles for sale. Apply to B. P. ALFORD, Red Deer, or at this office.
Sept. 26th, 1w1.

WANTED.

A general servant. Apply to Mrs. W. S. Hall, Waskasoo Avenue, 3 doors north of Walter Trump's residence. Red Deer, Sept. 30, 1w.

BOARDERS WANTED.

Can accommodate two or more boarders in comfortable home. Apply to 331, Second Avenue N.E.
Red Deer, Sept. 30, 1w1.

HELP WANTED.

Experienced girl for general housework, who can do plain cooking.—Mrs. E. J. Williams, 61, 4th St. N. E. Red Deer, Sept. 29

Fancy Mackinaw Coats

HERE YOU ARE! Get in line this year and wear one of the new Fancy Mackinaw coats. We have them in a nice assortment of colours.

J. G. Fulton
The Men's Man

"You'll Like Our Goods"

Oh, You Specials!!

Last week we unpacked a nice new shipment of "Wear Ever" Aluminum Ware.

To celebrate the event and to arouse your interest we are selling——

50 Sauce Pans, reg. 45c. for 25c. each.

50 Stew Pans, reg. 45c. for 25c. each.

We cannot sell more than one of each of these articles to any one customer, (much as we would like to.)

"Trade Where The Trading Is Good"

SMITH & GAETZ
The Hardware People

No Advance in the Price of

Neilsons Chocolates

this year

We are pleased to inform our many patrons that there will be no advance this year in the price of

Neilsons Chocolates

"The Chocolates That Are Different"

and that the same high standard of quality will be maintained.

"Made In Canada"

We have just received another shipment, our second this month and have no old stock, all fresh goods in a large variety.

The REXALL Store

GAETZ-CORNETT DRUG AND BOOK CO.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

Brooch found, Tuesday. Apply at News Office.

W. E. Payne was in Stettler on Thursday last on business.

Oscar Ware, of Calgary, spent a few days with his parents in town last week.

Harry Vineberg and Arnold Rose are spending a couple of days this week in Calgary.

A little boy's coat was found on the road and left at News Office. Owner please call.

The Great West drive was finished yesterday, the mill pond being packed full of logs.

Mrs. Dr. H. George will not receive on Friday of this week, or until further notice.

The Rev. A. G. Cameron of Edmonton, will conduct services in the Presbyterian Church next Sunday.

H. A. McKenzie and wife are in the city for a few days, and will probably return to Nordegg on Friday.

W. Reid, Farrier Sergeant of the 35th C.A.H., has received word of his promotion to Regimental Farrier Sergeant.

A pleasant smile should be given to the men who returned from Valcartier. They were willing enough to fight anyway.

Mrs. W. E. Payne will receive on Friday, October 2nd, and will receive afterwards on the second Thursday of each month.

A large number of men have been taken on here by the C.P.R. for construction work. They are at present working out of Lacombe.

Dr. and Mrs. Washburn returned from their wedding trip on Friday, and spent the week end with Mrs. Smith. They returned to their home at Bowden on Monday.

Walter Harvey is visiting his brother, Serg. Major Harvey, at the armory, who he has not seen for 22 years, and Mrs. Jarvis (sister) at Sylvan Lake.

J. Piper, of Brantford, who has been visiting his brother in town, and friends in B.C., returned home today. He thinks Red Deer an ideal farming district.

Sons of England White Rose meeting in the Parish Hall tonight. All members expected to attend. Wednesday, October 7th, Red Rose meeting and important business.

A business meeting of the St. Andrew's Society will be held in the Oddfellows' Hall, Thursday, Oct. 8th, at 8 o'clock. All members and Scotsmen are requested to attend.

Miss E. Armstrong returned from Sylvan Lake a week ago, where she had been for ten weeks. Miss Armstrong was very ill at the time she was taken to the Lake, but is now fully recovered.

H. Rose, of the Mechanical Garage, went up to Edmonton by train Thursday night and brought back a new McLaughlin car by road on Friday, the same being sold to G. W. Ball, butcher.

Did you know that in 1912 thousands of war proclamations were printed in Germany, and that the figure 2 was marked out with a red pencil and the figure 4 inserted instead August last?

The following students returned to the University of Alberta, Edmonton, for a further course of studies, on Monday: C. Markle, R. Hewson, P. Galbraith, L. Brown, A. Carswell and Charlie Carswell.

The Patriotic Fund Committee appreciate the assistance of all those who helped in any way to make our patriotic meeting a success, especially to the Fire Chief and his assistants for decorating armory, the Citizens' Band, and Mr. Lord for use of Lyric.

Nazarene Church, foot of Ross St. W. B. Tait, pastor. Sunday School, Sunday morning at 10; preaching at 11; song service and preaching at 7.30 p.m. Prayer and praise service Wednesday at 8 p.m. Young people's devotional meeting and doctrinal Bible study Friday at 8 p.m. A continuous revival interest pervades all the meetings. All welcome.

H. Gulliver, of Edwell, has been pretty hard hit by the war. He had six first cousins fighting in the Wiltshire and Dorset regiments at Mons. Letters from relatives in England tell him that as far as they can learn four of the six boys have gone under, and one of the remaining two is badly wounded. Mr. Gulliver himself went through the Zulu war in 1874.

The News wishes to congratulate W. J. McLean, late principal of Wainwright High School, and formerly principal of Red Deer High School, on his promotion to the important position of inspector of schools for one of the northern districts. Mr. McLean will, we feel assured, add dignity to the position and luster to his already splendid record, as he passed through college and took his degree while he was still teaching school.

The Knox Church Choir has booked a series of concerts, to be given during the coming season in Knox Church. On October 19th the celebrated violinist Ole Theobaldi and company will appear. On January 4th Mattison W. Chase of national reputation will give one of his famous humorous lectures, and on February 8th Ash Davis, America's popular cartoonist, will demonstrate what can be done with crayon, brush, and even carpet rags when a skilful man handles them. It is a long time since such splendid artists have appeared in Red Deer, and the people are assured of an intellectual treat as well as wholesome amusement.

Alban Smith, Senior, left last week for a trip to his old home in Chicago.

If your phonograph requires repairing, bring it to H. H. Humber, Gaetz Ave., Red Deer.

Mrs. H. H. Todd will receive on Friday afternoon at her residence 218 Waskasoo Ave., from four to six.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered in the Methodist church next Sunday at the close of the morning service. The pastor's evening subject will be S.O.S.

A patriotic dance will be held at the Grand Opera House, Innisfail, Alberta, on Friday evening, 2nd October, 1914. Admission: Couple, $1.50; extra lady, .75. Proceeds in aid of the Patriotic Fund of the I.O.D.E.

Some of the well-known Jaegar vacuum cleaners are offered for sale at $5.50. Regular price $10.00 Proceeds in aid of Patriotic Fund. Demonstrations will be given on Saturday afternoon at four o'clock at the Ladies' Institute meeting in the lecture room of the Methodist Church. Get a reliable vacuum at about half price and help the cause.

The monthly meeting of the Women's Institute will be held on Saturday next, October 3rd, at 3 p.m., in the lecture room of the Methodist Church. Mrs. Muldrew will give a talk on dry cleaning, and Mrs. Lees on bulb growing, both subjects of interest to housewives and women in general. Other business before the Institute calls for a good attendance.

The following report comes from the school garden of the Indian Industrial School: From 3 lbs. seed potatoes received this spring from Lacombe Experimental Farm, we received 207 pounds. This was from a plot 18 feet by 13 feet, and is at the rate of 642 bushels per acre. The largest potato weighed 2½ pounds. From the check plot of the same size we dug 175 pounds. In a third plot we had 109 pounds, the largest single potato weighing 3½ pounds.

Dr. J. Collison a Specialist Now

Dr. J. Collison has remodelled his residence on 1st Street South into offices which he and Dr. Sanders will occupy. The present offices will be used as waiting rooms, and each one will have a private office, and there is a laboratory upstairs which will give room for microscopic and other aids in diagnosis which the Doctor brought from Europe with him. The remaining rooms upstairs will be occupied by a caretaker. Dr. Collison is a specialist in eye, ear, nose and throat diseases, and will do that work and consultation work. Dr. Sanders will continue to do the general medical and surgery work, along which lines he has been most successful since coming to Red Deer a year and a half ago.

Presbyterian Church Anniversary

The Presbyterian Church anniversary services were held last Sunday, there being a crowded attendance at each service. The Rev. Dr. King, of Edmonton, preached at both services. The annual concert and supper was held in the church on Monday night, and was a splendid success. The following assisted at the concert: Miss Watt, Miss Hutchings, Nurse Forrester, E. G. Johns, G. K. Johnston and F. Castle. Miss Bowker accompanist.

Horticultural Society

The attention of those citizens who are interested in beautifying their home by tree-planting is hereby directed to the beautiful laurel willows on Mr. G. W. Smith's lawn. This tree retains its verdure for three or four weeks after the native trees have lost their leaves. It would seem good policy for those interested to take note of this and plant a few of the laurel willow next season. By so doing the citizens can lengthen the season of verdure for several days.



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We specialize in Made-to-Order Clothing. Call and inspect our styles and patterns. Nifty clothes at modern prices.

J. G. Fulton
The Men,s Man

Miss Hazel Mann Leaves for Nordegg

Miss Hazel Mann, stenographer for the Brazeau Collieries, has been moved to headquarters at Nordegg. Miss Mann has been a very popular young lady here, and will be missed in many ways, particularly by the Baptist Church, of which she was a very active member. Before leaving town Miss Mann was the recipient of many presents, including a beautiful toilet set from the members of the Baptist Church, and a signet ring from the choir. The presents were made at a social evening given in her honor on Thursday, September 17th.

Hang Trouble

"Hang trouble! Care killed a cat."

This is the motto of that dusky band of forty comprising Richards & Pringle's Famous Georgia Minstrels.

No sooner is the curtain up on the palatial first part, "Evening" (which one critic has been kind enough to say is the most beautiful ever carried by a minstrel company), than the fun starts and continues in a veritable whirlwind for two and one-half hours.

The minstrels believe there is trouble, worry and care enough in the average person's daily life to leave it all behind when they enter the theatre; and the cleverest comedians and skilled producers have vied with each other to make the programme offered by this company an endless chain of mirth, music, laughter and song.

Have they succeeded? Well, ask the manager of your theatre to see the press notices he has received about them from other cities.

There will be a big street parade at noon, and a band concert by the company's band of twenty-five solo musicians at 7.30 o'clock in the evening in front of the theatre. The date of this company's appearance at the Lyric Theatre is Friday, October 9th.

Eckville

A dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Eckford, on Friday last, was well attended, and everybody enjoyed themselves. The young couple received the congratulations of all.

Inspector McDonnell, R.N.W.M.P., was in town last week, making arrangements for the placing of a detachment in Eckville.

On Wednesday of last week, at the usual meeting of the Eckville Camp, Modern Woodmen of America, the neighbors presented Worthy Adviser Eckford with a handsome set of carvers, to mark the occasion of his marriage. Venerable Consul Litt gave an address, and Past Consul Isaacson made the presentation.

Arrangements are being made to hold a Modern Woodman dance on Friday, October 23rd. We hope everyone will keep this date open.

Mr. and Mrs. Pykett made a business trip to Red Deer last week.

Miss Florence Warren has opened Bluebell School. She is staying with Mrs. Bradshaw.

Penhold News

The ladies of Penhold held their weekly meeting at Mrs. A. W. Walker's residence, Thursday last. There were a larger number present than usual, and the enthusiastic manner in which the sewing was carried on shows that the ladies have caught the patriotic spirit of the day. The afternoon was spent in sewing on flannelette, kindly donated by Mrs. T. Fields. Miss Morrison surprised the ladies by handing in $27, which she had collected during the past week, making a grand total of $103.50 in the treasury. The meeting appointed for Friday of this week has been postponed until the following Thursday, October 8th, and will be held at Mrs. N. Stewart's residence on that date.

Miss Logan, of Edmonton, spent Sunday at Mrs. A. Walker's, the guest of Miss Nellie Hives.

Mr. Chas. McDougall spent last week with his parents in Lacombe.

Mr. N. Stewart was in Calgary on business last week.

Mr. J. M. Hart shipped a load of hogs to Calgary on Thursday last.

Mr. J. F. Johnson, of Calgary, spent Sunday in Penhold, the guest of Mr. N. Stewart.

Penhold Village Council Reinstated

A few weeks ago the Village Council resigned their positions because of a complaint at the court of revision, laid by A. D. McKenzie, that they were not eligible to hold their positions, not being property owners.

A nomination meeting was called for September 21st for the purpose of nominating a new Council. There were only two nominations, Thos. Simon and W. J. Henderson, both men being nominated by Mr. Eastman and Mr. Tiller. The nominations were both thrown out, as the nominators were not legally entitled to a vote in Penhold municipal affairs.

On Monday, September 28th, Mr. Sneath, of Edmonton, representing the Department of Municipal Affairs, called on the Secretary. After things had been explained to him he decided the old Councillors were good enough for him. We hope they are good enough for Mac, too.

We have a good organ and piano for sale at a low price.—H. H. Humber, Jeweller and Optician.

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How Long Is It Since You Had **your Watch cleaned?**

Are you aware that the outside rim of your balance wheel is travelling over 8 miles evary day? Knowing this, it is only reasonable to expect that the pivots should be cleaned and oiled once a year. Do not wait for it to stop it may be beyond repair by that time.

We can do this work for you and do it right.

Do not forget we have moved two doors east.

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Jeweller and Optician
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES

$7,000



This is the amount we must get by the FIRST DAY of January, 1915.

FARMERS' SPECIALS

LANTERNS—Sold everywhere regularly at $1.00 - Our price, 85c.
MILK PAILS (12 Quart), Reg. price 75c., - Our price, 55c.
BULLDOG FENCING PLIERS (4 in 1), Reg. $1.25, for - 90c.
FENCING PLIERS, 3 side cutter, Reg. 75c., for - 55c.

HOUSEWIFE'S SPECIALS

WASH BOILERS—Copper bottom, wood handle, Reg. $3.25 for $2.85
COPPER NICKEL TEA KETTLE (size 9), Reg. $2.25 for - $1.65
DUSTBANE SWEEPING COMPOUND, Reg. 45c., Our price 40c., or two for 75c.
CLOTHES BASKETS, large size, Reg. $1.25 for - $1.00

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